The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1888.

The Week.

MR. BLAINE'S speech at the Polo Grounds on Saturday evening, as published in the *Tribune*, was about three times as long as the one actually delivered by him and printed in the other papers. In substance, however, the long speech was the same as the short one. It was really an attempt to explain away a portion of his History, so as to show that high tariffs have always caused national prosperity, while low tariffs have always brought on commercial crises and disaster. The hardest thing to "get over" was the following passage from his History, describing the consequences of the low tariff of 1846:

"The Whig victory of 1848 was not sufficiently decisive to warrant any attempt, even had there been desire, to change the tariff (of 1846). Gen. Taylor had been elected without subscribing to a platform or pledging himself to a specific measure, and he was, therefore, in a position to resist and reject appeals of the ordinary partisan character; moreover, the tariff of 1846 was yielding abundant revenue, *and the business of the country was in a flourishing condition at the time his Administration was organized.* Money became very abundant after the year 1849, large enterprises were undertaken, speculation was prevalent, and for a considerable period *the prosperity of the country was general and apparently genuine.* After 1852 the Democrats had almost undisputed control of the Government, and had gradually become a free-trade party. The principles embodied in the tariff of 1846 seemed for the time to be so entirely vindicated and approved that resistance to it ceased, not only among the people, but among the protection economists, *and even among the manufacturers to a large extent.* So general was this acquiescence that in 1856 a protective tariff was not suggested or even hinted by any one of the three parties which presented Presidential candidates."

In order to harmonize this with his newly-found theory that low tariffs always lead to a commercial crisis, he stated that the crisis which came eleven years later, in 1857, was staved off by a number of accidental circumstances, such as the Mexican war, the discovery of gold in California, and the Crimean war. After all these had exhausted their beneficial and counteracting influences, the real effects of the low tariff of 1846 began to show themselves, and the tardy crisis of 1857 declared itself. But why did not Mr. Blaine tell us these things in that chapter of his history which he wrote expressly on the subject of American tariffs? All the things he now tells us were as well known to him then. Why did he suppress them then? Supposing that Mr. Blaine had died after finishing his history and before he made this speech. What would have been the situation of the world and of posterity in respect of knowledge of the true causes of the crisis of 1857? Absolute dearth and famine, groping in darkness and stumbling in ignorance; and all because Mr. Blaine did not then reveal what he knew of the hidden causes of commercial crises, but, in fact, led his readers into false paths by telling them in substance that the tariff of 1846 was not a bad thing after all.

We would call the attention of the Rev. Dr. Storrs and other respectable Republicans of the old school, the religious, the intelligent, and the conscientious men who were the bone and sinew of the party between 1856 and 1866, who gave it the noble enthusiasm which carried it through the war, and created for it those great traditions under which so many rascals have since found shelter, to the fact that the foremost man of the party, Mr. James G. Blaine, was accompanied to the Polo Grounds in the carriage, on Saturday evening, by "Pat" Ford, the dynamiter and deserter. There was a small party in the carriage, necessarily either political or social intimates of the orator, and Ford was one of them. We ask Dr. Storrs, and all who think with him about politics, to consider for one moment what Ford represents, what he has publicly aided and abetted, and gloried in—namely, murder and arson in a peaceable and thickly populated city—and to remember that on the one occasion in his life when he filled a brave man's place in front of a great duty, he broke his troth, and fled like a frightened cow before the public enemy. Having got this base career firmly before their mind's eye, we ask all Republicans, great and small, men and women, to consider the conspicuous light which this man's close companionship with the acknowledged leader of their party, on a great occasion, throws on the spirit, aims, methods, and standards of the party management. It is not a thing they can shirk or evade, swallow in silence, or "dismiss with a smile." It is a thing to be faced, examined, and explained. If they think well of it, they ought to come out and say so. If they think ill of it, they ought to show it openly, in the only way in which a good citizen can effectually show his horror of crime, and disorder, and corruption.

Gen. Harrison's last plan for the reduction of the surplus is the distribution among the States of the $20,000,000 of Government deposits now lying in the banks. This, he says, "might be very righteously used so as to greatly lighten the real burdens of taxation now resting on the people—burdens that the people know to be taxes without any argument from our statesmen." But are there any such burdens? Who is complaining of taxation except the revenue reformers, and who minds what *they* say? In what State do the people complain they are taxed more than they ought to be by the State? If it hurts a man's pride to wear a cheap coat, would it not hurt it still more to have his local taxes paid for him out of the national Treasury? And then, if the national Government should distribute a large sum of money among the States this year, why not every year? People are not suffering more from State taxation this year than they will suffer next year and the year after. Why not, in fact, abolish State taxation altogether, and raise the needed local expenses solely by Federal tariff? We hope Gen. Harrison will clear up these points in the next of his little speeches. We cannot help thinking that when he considers the matter more fully, he will be so much impressed by the dangers of the distribution plan that he will eventually fall back on the free-whiskey plan of reduction as the neatest and easiest of execution.

A new document issued by the Republican Congressional Committee is entitled "The Foreign Market a Will-o'-the-Wisp." It consists of a short extract from a speech of Mr. Goff of West Virginia, and another short extract from a speech of Mr. Reed of Maine, and a long table of "Foreign Customs Duties." Mr. Goff tells us that foreign trade is a will-o'-the-wisp, because "most all the countries of the world the markets of which we are told we should seek, have protective laws, England not excepted." And he asks whether we are to "destroy our protection and then contend with the protection that the nations of the world have surrounded themselves with." In regard to the table of foreign customs duties, we think that those of Great Britain may be viewed with suspicion, for we find that the tariff on gold is set down at $4.14 per ounce. Travellers from this country to Great Britain have never, we believe, had their baggage or their pockets searched for gold by the customs officers, or even for gold watches, which this document says are taxed at the same specific rate of $4.14 per ounce. But as the British Islands do not produce the metal gold, this could not be called a protective duty, even if it were levied at the exorbitant rate named in the document. We think that Mr. Goff is misinformed when he states that England has protective laws. We think also that he ought to be very careful about saying that England has protective laws, even if she has them, because he may thereby convince a good many Republicans that we ought *not* to have them, so large a part of the campaign is based upon the brilliant idea of doing the opposite of what England does.

The Home Market Club of Boston are now circulating a handbill entitled "Wages in Paterson, N. J., and Lisburn, Ireland," containing a statement of the Barbour Brothers, who carry on business at both places, saying that they employ 1,500 hands in Paterson and 2,800 in Lisburn, and that in two weeks' time they paid as much money within $500 to the 1,500 here as to the 2,800 there; also, that "none of our employees in Ireland ever had wages enough to be able to have their money at interest, to say nothing of owning a home. The Paterson employees all came from Ireland originally, so you can see how much better off they are here than they were there." The Barbour

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Brothers are certainly in a fortunate position to plunder the American consumers of linen goods, as they can transport labor from one place to the other as it may suit their own interests. There ought to be somebody to look after them. As to the savings of the operatives in the two countries, however, we find a remarkable contradiction between the statement given above and the testimony of one member of the firm, Mr. Thomas Barbour, before the Tariff Commission in 1882, viz. (vol. i, page 290):

"*We have imported a great many workers into this country*, but we find that, as a rule, they spend more money in America for rents and for food, they dress far better, and become more extravagant in this country, and *do not lay up any more wages than they do in Ireland.*"

So it appears that the Barbours are importers of contract labor, and that they tell different stories at different times about the savings of their employees. This Mr. Barbour wanted to have the duties on the kind of linen he produces in Ireland reduced, and the duties on the kind he makes here raised from 35 per cent. to 50 per cent. ad valorem. The Tariff Commission listened to him with imperturbable gravity, but declined to follow his suggestions in either direction.

We have been making search for that American newspaper, the *Iron Era*, which the Republican Committees and the Republican press substituted in place of the *English Iron Era* as the authority for the following campaign lie, namely:

"The Cobden Club is trying to raise a large sum of money to be spent in furthering the free-trade propaganda in the United States. Lord Brassey has given £1,000, and others less, and the hat is going round."

No such paper as the *Iron Era* could be found in New York, Philadelphia, or Pittsburgh. None of the large firms in the iron trade in New York knew of it. An inquiry addressed to the office of the *Iron Age* led to the disclosure that there was a weekly paper of this name published at Dover, N. J., but that it was not a trade journal. Pursuing the subject to Dover, N. J., we now learn that the *Iron Era* of that place, when it published the Cobden Club item, credited it to the *English Iron Era*, and said that it (the Dover *Iron Era*) had found it, not in the *English Iron Era*, but in another American paper credited to the aforesaid English paper. This is the paragraph of which the Philadelphia *Press*, the other day, when explaining the wrong credit, said that nobody disputed the accuracy of the item: the only wrong thing about it was that the American and not the English paper of that name was responsible for it. Now it appears that neither of them was responsible for it. The thing was "in the air"; it was caught, like yellow fever.

We have been favored with a copy of Mr. H. K. Thurber's *amended* circular "To the Wage-Earners of the United States." It will be remembered that Mr. Thurber retracted a portion of the original circular and promised not to send out any more of them. The words retracted were these:

"When the London *Times* thinks the best use they can make of Irishmen is to help them emigrate to this country, and join the Democratic party, and thus help break down our protective tariff, that makes me think that our tariff is a great benefit to this country, and of course I range myself on the side of a protective tariff."

In making his retraction and apology for sending out this false statement, Mr. Thurber said that he had seen the London *Times's* quotation in a speech in Congress, that he had taken it to be genuine, and that he had considered it "public property." So far so good. What does he do next? He amends the circular, and sends out a fresh edition with these words:

"When *a London paper* thinks the best use they can make of Irishmen is to help them to emigrate to this country and join the Democratic party, and thus help break down our protective tariff, that makes me think that our tariff is a great benefit to *this* country, and of course, I range myself on the side of a protective tariff."

This, we submit, is a worse offence than the first one. "A London paper," forsooth! What London paper? Not the London *Times*; Mr. Thurber has acknowledged so much. He cannot pretend that he has found the new saying in a speech in Congress, or going around, or that it is public property. On the contrary, this is Mr. Thurber's private property. He alone has any ownership in it.

To Mr. Thurber, the Home Market Club, the Hartford *Courant*, and all the other worshippers of British opinion, we present another genuine quotation. It is from the well-known technical journal *Engineering*, of the date of September 21. That paper contains an article on "Japan as a Market for British Manufactures," which disposes of us with the following brief reference: "From American competition in Japan we have not much to fear, always supposing our manufacturers do not fail to advertise their wares and supply them of good quality. America, it is well known, owing to her protective tariff, cannot compete with us in iron and steel manufactures out of her own country, and she is further handicapped in Japan, as regards all heavy goods, by higher freights, since such goods coming from the Eastern manufacturing States require to go via the Suez Canal, owing to the heavy charges for railway carriage across the American continent."

One of the good signs of the times is the appearance in the field of Col. Wentworth Higginson to run against Gen. N. P. Banks for Congress in the Fifth Massachusetts District. Banks has been United States Marshal for a good many years, and was allowed by the present Administration to serve out his term. Before his removal he expressed the highest opinion of President Cleveland; since his removal he has been denouncing the Administration in unmeasured terms, and is now the Republican candidate for Congress. What his real politics are we presume nobody knows, not even himself. But he is one of the old Republican war-horses, who has to be provided for, no matter how useless he may be, and sending him to Congress is the easiest thing to do. Col. Higginson's candidacy represents those who think that the national Legislature should contain nobody but competent legislators, and should not be used as an asylum for decayed politicians. He may not be elected, but in running he helps to raise the standard of political capacity, and to organize those who mean that it shall be kept high.

The *Sun* says, speaking of the Democratic opposition to Hill:

"In the whole history of American politics there has never before been a plot so remarkable. In its inception and execution it is simply a violent attack on the Democracy."

Come, now, was not your own "plot" in 1884 just as "remarkable"? Did you not begin the canvass that year by declaring that

"Should the Convention determine to nominate one of them [Cleveland or Flower], we say emphatically that the candidate will stand a fair chance of carrying the State of New York, and that the best efforts of the *Sun* will be devoted to securing his entire success. . . .

"Sooner than join in making James G. Blaine President of the United States, we would quit work, burn up our pen, and leave to other and, perhaps, rasher heads the noble controversies of politics and the defence of popular self-government"?

Did you not soon after repudiate the Democratic candidate and begin to abuse him savagely, for reasons satisfactory to yourself, and to run a candidate of your own, concerning whose strength in this city you made the very remarkable error of 129,659 in a total of 136,656? Was not the end of it all, as far as you were concerned, the loss of half your circulation, and the substitution therefor of mortgages to the amount of $235,000 or thereabouts, and the rise into power and wealth of your detested rival "Judas," and the immense amusement of the public over your sorry plight? Is not your ingratitude to us, who saved you last spring from committing the same follies again, also very remarkable, considering that by collaring you in time, when you were marching straight to destruction, and were prophesying publicly against Cleveland in the most fatuous manner, we prevented you from engaging in another open bolt? It is true you are now trying to knife the ticket, and are privately predicting the defeat of the Democratic candidate; but this, bad as it is, will not hurt you as much as coming out publicly against him would do. It is your interest only, you will observe, that we consider in this matter. Your support of Hill through good and evil report is, we confess, not remarkable at all; for when has there appeared in politics a rascal who did not call forth all the tenderness of your nature, and for whom you were not ready to move Acheron?

Boston has become greatly stirred up over the question of Roman Catholic influence in the conduct of the public schools, the provoking cause being the exclusion by the School Committee of a text-book which members of the Catholic Church considered objectionable because of a reference to that church, and which was admitted to be so by the Rev. Dr. Duryea, one of the most prominent Protestant clergymen of the city. The

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result is, for the first time since women were given the right to vote in school elections in Massachusetts, a general disposition on the part of women to avail themselves of the right of suffrage. The movement appears to have begun with Protestant women, and the first development of significance is the revelation that the Committee of One Hundred of Protestant Women claim to have information which proves conclusively that there have been a large number of cases of perjury among the Catholic women, many of whom are charged with having appeared before the assessors, and taken oath to signatures which were written by other persons. Not less noteworthy is the statement in a Boston despatch that "the two factions show much more spite and bitterness than do the men."

Towards the latter part of September, Mr. B. P. Hutchinson, a member of the Chicago Board of Trade, made a calculation that he could buy all the wheat in the Chicago elevators, and hold it a few days. He then made another calculation that no large amount of wheat could be brought to Chicago from the elevators of Milwaukee, Toledo, St. Louis, and other storage points, and be inspected and hoisted into store, and weighed and certificated, before the close of business on Saturday, September 30. Having made these calculations, he began to bet with his fellow-members that they could neither get wheat to Chicago from other points, nor get hold of any of the wheat that was actually in Chicago, during the remainder of the month of September. Naturally, he won all his bets. Great efforts were made to run express trains loaded with wheat from St. Louis and other points to Chicago within the time mentioned in the bets, but they were generally failures. This is the true explanation of the corner in September wheat at Chicago.

The *Rundschau*, which published the extracts from the diary of the Emperor Frederick, has got itself into a bad fix, for Bismarck is after it with all the terrors at his command. As an enemy, too, he does nothing by halves. Everybody who has stood in his way, except the late Emperor, he has managed to ruin utterly. He is not content with driving a man from office: he tries to drive him out of society and out of his trade or calling. One passage in the report to the Emperor, in which Bismarck asks permission to prosecute, contains a savage dig at the ex-Empress. He says:

"The Crown Prince in 1870 did not share in political discussions. I did not have the King's permission to discuss with the Crown Prince the more intimate questions of our policy, because the King feared it might lead to indiscretions at the English Court and harm our relations with the German Federal allies."

This simply means that the Crown Prince was supposed to be under the influence of his wife, through whom state secrets would be revealed to the English Court. He further adds: "It seems as if the daily notes, or at any rate their later elaboration, were the work of some person in the Crown Prince's entourage"—which may or may not be also an insinuation that the ex-Empress is at the bottom of the whole matter.

It is now said that Prof. Geffcken, who has been arrested and is to be tried for publishing the Emperor Frederick's diary, will plead the Emperor Frederick's permission. If he has this in writing, he is very lucky, but if he has it not, the danger is that he will be tried for defaming Frederick's memory, in alleging that any such permission was ever given. Bismarck's resources in dealing with his enemies are endless, and he has a capital young Emperor to back him up. The suggestion of the "jurisconsult" in London that Bismarck himself might be tried for revealing state secrets, in saying that the Emperor William forbade him to consult the Crown Prince lest their communications should be revealed to the English court and consequently to the French, seems to have much plausibility, but it is very barren, for any one who wanted to prosecute Bismarck would have to get Bismarck's leave to do it. The continued uncertainty about the present Emperor's character and intentions, and the influence of this uncertainty on German politics, is, or ought to be, rather humiliating for as highly civilized a people as the Germans. That an unknown youth of twenty-eight should have so much to say about the affairs of a nation of 60,000,000, and that his opinions, likes, and dislikes should weigh so much in peace and war, seems now an immense anachronism.

The granting of charters to three "Sovereign Companies" by the British Crown within the last two months carries one back to the old days of the Elizabethan and Jacobite monopolies, and revives the brilliant memories of the East India Company, which built up an empire and filled the world with its fame. A charter has been granted to one company which is to rule the valley of the Niger in Africa; to another to rule North Borneo; and to another which is to take possession of and govern 50,000 square miles of East Africa, carved out of the territories of the Sultan of Zanzibar. They will all, if successful, necessarily play the same part as the East India Company—begin by trading, then dispute, then raise troops and fight, then annex territory, then get quarrels on their hands to which their resources are not equal, and then call on the Crown to back them up, and then, in some remoter future, disappear, leaving England, in her character of the "weary Titan," with two or three more huge dependencies on her hands.

The message of President Diaz to the Fourteenth Mexican Congress, at the opening of its first session, September 16, is of a decidedly optimistic cast. He congratulates the country upon the continuance of domestic peace and upon the signs of increasing industrial and commercial prosperity, recounts the rapid extension of the different railroad systems, speaks of the enlarged post-office facilities and the increasing postal revenues, and narrates the progress of the common schools. Even of the financial condition, his nightmare for the past four years, he can now speak in a tone of moderate hope. The Berlin bankers have taken another third of the loan proposed last March, and he hopes that they will yet take the remainder. The quotation of these bonds in London at 92½ marks the highest point the credit of Mexico has reached since her independence. Gen. Diaz gives, however, but few figures to substantiate his statement that the Treasury is really out of the crisis. The exports have fallen off slightly. What the imports were he does not say, though the slight gain in the national income would seem to imply that they were larger than last year's. Even so, the revenues are about $4,000,000 short of the estimated expenditures. Clearly, the Treasurer's detailed report will have to be waited for to state the situation exactly. In foreign relations, Mexico is on an excellent footing with her neighbors and all the world. Treaties with Guatemala are pending—one to define the boundary line and another of commercial reciprocity. The President announces that a convention has been signed at Washington designed to meet the difficulties occasioned by drovers passing with their cattle over the frontiers, and also recommends that the Extradition Treaty be amended so as more promptly to punish crimes committed on the border.

The British Consul in Rio Grande do Sul reports great dissatisfaction with the Imperial Government on the part of the inhabitants of that Brazilian province. The main trouble is the wretched inefficiency of the customs service, which leaves the way open for floods of contraband goods to come in via Uruguay and the Argentine Republic, to the ruin of the honest importers. This has been a long-standing grievance. The frontiers are too extensive to be easily guarded, and the central Government has left things pretty much to shift for themselves. In 1879, it is true, the expedient was tried of a special tariff for Rio Grande do Sul, with rates put at a figure low enough, it was hoped, to lessen the motives for smuggling. Little advantage came of this, however. Now it is proposed by the Secretary of the Treasury to enter into negotiations with the authorities at Montevideo and Buenos Ayres for a common agreement in regard to the protection and collection of customs revenues. Meanwhile railroad after railroad is being pushed up to the border from the south and west, and it seems almost inevitable that the province will become commercially dependent upon the republics to the south. It is doubtless partly due to this physical contact that a pronounced republican spirit exists across the Brazilian line. Many are found to advocate cutting loose from the Empire, following the example of the Banda Oriental, in 1829. Others see more hope in stirring up the imperial rulers to action, in self-defence, if for no other reason, and in the very probable republicanizing of Brazil itself, one of these days. At any rate, the situation and agitation have a significance.

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THE ORDNANCE BLUNDER.

THE circular from Gen. Benet, Chief of the Ordnance, which has just come to light, making arrangements to divide the offices in the Government armories and arsenals between the two parties, would, we should think, furnish Secretary Endicott with a striking illustration of the danger of letting military men issue circulars on political matters, without seeing them. We have no doubt whatever that Gen. Benet thought, as he himself now explains, that when he issued this order he was doing something for civil-service reform. But the reason of this was, doubtless, that, like the great majority of military men, as well as politicians, he did not know what was meant by the phrase civil-service reform, or what the legislation on that subject had been. There is nothing very surprising about this. Any one who had not had actual experience of it, would be amazed by the ignorance of most men in political life about the demands of civil-service reformers, and about the provisions made to satisfy them by the Civil-Service Law and the regulations framed thereunder. An illustration of this may be found in the fact that when Gen. Sickles was appointed to the Civil-Service Commission in this State last year, he made known in an interview that he thought examinations for places under the State law related entirely to literary subjects, and one of the first things he was going to do was to make them "practical."

The plan of dividing the offices equally between the parties is about as much civil-service reform as a great many men in public life can grasp. Some of the more gifted ones have laid hold of the idea of pass examinations to see if the man whom they want to put in the place is really fit for it; but very few indeed really and truly comprehend, and conceive as a contemporaneous possibility, the awarding of places in the public service by open competition without regard to politics. They hear talk about this from professors and literary men, as they hear talk about Kant's categorical imperative, but that any honest effort is being made to carry it out in the United States, A. D. 1888, is something they are as yet mentally incapable of believing. We have little doubt that Gen. Benet belongs to this class, and that he really thought that he was making an immense stride in advance when he prepared to divide the force in the different grades in the arsenals gradually between Democrats and Republicans; and we believe it all the more because of the application of his rule to "women and children." Nobody but a conscientious, well-meaning, even if rather stupid, body would have thought of selecting women and children for employment in arsenals according to their political opinions. Gen. Benet, we have no doubt, is a first-rate artillerist, but he is a dreadful man for circulars.

The circular is apparently giving great comfort to the Republicans, and it is undoubtedly for them a far more valuable thing than a forged extract from the London *Times* or the *Iron Era*. But the friends of good government in both parties, and in all parts of the country, will note with unmixed pleasure the fuss they are making over it. When a party which for twenty-five years rigidly confined all the offices of the Government to its own members, professes to be shocked by a clumsy attempt of its opponents to divide the offices equally between both parties in one department of the Government, it shows that, in spite of all obstacles, the good time, in which political strife will rage wholly over better things than small places, is rapidly approaching. Every reproach hurled at the President for his shortcomings in the use of patronage, every "scandal" made by bad appointments or wrongful dismissals, or foolish circulars or orders, shows that the seed has not fallen on stony ground, and that a return to the old state of things is impossible. Let those who are disposed to be disheartened by the smallness of progress recollect for one moment that a circular like General Benet's, if issued in 1868 or 1872, would actually have been considered a ridiculous concession to the Opposition, and that the Secretary of War would have been called on to reprimand him, not for proposing to divide the arsenals between the two parties, but for letting a single Democrat, man, woman, or child, inside the gates.

At that time Gen. Benet would have been called a traitor to his party: he is now denounced as an inhuman monster and hypocrite. We do not know which he would find it harder to bear; but those who accuse him of "making war on women and children" confess by implication that the times have changed for the better, and that the battle of reform is really won.

HOW COMMON THINGS BECOME SACRED.

ANY student who wants to understand how institutions such as monarchy or aristocracy acquired in earlier times a sacred character, and became hedged with a sort of divinity, so that it was considered impious to examine their origin, or question their claims on human reverence, has only to read carefully the history of the Republican party and of the tariff. In 1884 we were brought for the first time face to face with the curious fact that a very large body of Americans were possessed by the idea that the Republican party was entitled by moral right to remain in possession of the Government for an unlimited period. We remember hearing one man of prominence lay it down that President Arthur ought not to hand over the Administration to a Democratic successor unless he was entirely satisfied that it was safe and expedient to do so. Clergymen were hunted out of their parishes, workingmen lost their employment, and storekeepers their custom, and lecturers had their engagements cancelled, on this same assumption that the Republican party had, without reference to the quality of its managers, a sacrosanct character, which made voting against it the sign of moral obliquity. Attempts to show that a party was but a means to an end, that it was sure in the long run to outlive its usefulness, that human societies had to change their institutions as their needs changed, and that all human contrivances, such as governments, needed periodical questioning and overhauling, were resented as sophistries directed against American peace and order. The Democrats were painted as political devils, who would revel in the ruin of the public credit, the plunder of the Treasury, and the destruction of the national industries.

One has only to read the defences of the tariff now frequently put forth to see how successful it also has been in twenty five years in becoming sacred. From 1860 to 1865 it was treated as a purely human contrivance for raising a very large revenue. After that it began rapidly to take on the sacrosanct character—that is, to become something like the flag, "by angel hands to valor given," or like one's aged mother—which it was unpatriotic, *i. e.*, irreverent, to discuss, or even investigate. At first a man who did it only laid himself open to the charge of impropriety or profanity, that is, of something objectionable because it shocked the rest of the company. Professors at college who taught free trade began to be looked on with suspicion, as Unitarians used to be in the beginning of the century. Fathers whose sons talked free trade began to have an uneasy feeling that the boys were keeping bad company and getting into evil ways. The Cobden Club, which prominent politicians like Gen. Garfield joined without hesitation between 1865 and 1870, as an economical society named in honor of a great philanthropist, between 1870 and 1880 took on the air of a society of evil disposed persons, raising immense sums of money for disreputable purposes, such as the ruin of American manufacturing families, the corruption of young men at colleges, and the hiring of adventurers to propagate falsehoods in peaceful communities. The process of sanctification was so rapid, in fact, that by 1880 men shrank from the charge of belonging to the Cobden Club as they would shrink from the charge of frequenting a faro-bank or dealing in lottery policies.

The reaction against such superstition, which, like the reaction against the witchcraft delusion, is sure to come in all civilized communities, has set in since 1884 undoubtedly. That year saw it at its height. The removal of the dread of the Democratic party—which pursued so many people's lives—stripped the sacerdotal robes off the Republican managers, and prepared the way for the purely secular treatment of the tariff as a device for raising money. People have begun to examine it, just as they examine their own income and expenditure, in a thoroughly rationalistic way. But one still comes across numerous proofs of the religious reverence with which it is regarded in some circles, especially by those who profit by it. We have before us the refusal of a country editor to print even as an advertisement any criticisms of it in his paper. The worthy man shrinks from such things as he would shrink from the

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publication of an immoral tale or one of "Bob" Ingersoll's controversial lectures. He does not know the mischief he may do by breaking down the popular reverence for the tariff. He asks himself, What would become of the Church and what of the home if the tariff were lowered? Where would the domestic affections be under a 42.78 per cent. duty? What is the state of religion and morality in countries where wool is free? Is it not true that in free-trade countries profane swearing is disgracefully prevalent and chastity little more than a name? The Turks have little or no tariff, and what is the result? Look into the harems, and see the degradation of their women. He thinks too much attention is given to the relation of the tariff to wages and profits, too little to its relation to the fundamental human virtues. He cannot understand the state of mind of a man who thinks that there is nothing essentially corrupting in easy intercourse with foreign dealers, or that you can have steel rails cheap and yet love your neighbor or your country. The good man will get over this by and by, but we must be patient with him.

THE COST OF THE PRESENT TARIFF.

A CORRESPONDENT, referring to the cost of protection to the taxpayers of the United States, wants to know what the present tariff costs, both in the amount of revenue collected and in the enhanced price of protected goods produced at home. The question is not an easy one to answer. The amount of revenue collected from duties on imports it is, of course, easy to ascertain. For the last fiscal year it was about $228,000,000. As to the other sum—the amount paid to the producers of protected goods—there have been gross exaggerations on both sides, and any estimate must be largely a matter of conjecture. Some persons have gone so far as to assume that all manufacturers are protected, and that the prices of the protected articles are raised to the full extent of the duties. It is worth while to notice, therefore, that the two leading manufacturing industries of the country are absolutely unprotected. The census of 1880 placed the product of the flouring and grist mills at $505,000,000, and that of the slaughtering and meat-packing (not including retail butchering) establishments at $303,000,000. The iron and steel industry ranked third, with a total product of $296,000,000. In the two former industries the protective system does cause a slight advance in prices, since it makes dearer the plant used, and often prevents small establishments from purchasing needed machinery. Yet the advance in price thus caused is inconsiderable; and in making estimates, these exporting industries, whose development is hampered by protection, belong rather among the taxpayers than among the tax-gatherers.

If we descend to the minor industries, and take in alphabetical order all those having over 1,000 establishments, we find the following list:

Industry.	Product.
Agricultural implements	$68,000,000
Blacksmithing	43,000,000
Boots and shoes, including custom-work and repairing	196,000,000
Bread and other bakery products	65,000,000
Brick and tile	32,000,000
Carpentering	94,000,000
Carriages and wagons, etc.	64,000,000

All of these industries are restricted and hampered more or less by protection. Prices are somewhat advanced, but only in so far as the public is charged with interest on the advances which these industries make to others and to the Government when they buy their raw materials and machinery. This burden must not be counted twice.

If this survey be continued through the entire list of manufactures, it becomes apparent that only about two-fifths of them should be classed among the recipients, rather than among the payers, of protective taxes. The aggregate product of these two-fifths is in the neighborhood of $2,000,000,000. In spite of combinations, and in spite of the use of antiquated machinery and the extravagant methods which Government-aided monopoly fosters, the prices of the protected goods are not much more than half as high on the average as the tariff duties make possible. It would, perhaps, be a moderate estimate to say that the consumers pay an average advance of 25 per cent., or $500,000,000.

But here another point must be considered. The consumers of these protected goods are often the manufacturers themselves. The finished product of one factory is the raw material of another. These protected industries pay over $1,200,000,000 for such interchanged raw materials, and the price of nearly two-thirds of these is enhanced by protection. Whether paid to the Government or to other manufacturers, it is not an extra burden upon the consuming public, although in a broad way it is a clog upon the prosperity of the country. From the $500,000,000 previously found, nearly $200,000,000 must therefore be subtracted.

To the result thus found very little need be added because of the tariffs on imported raw materials. The tax paid to the declining sugar industry of Louisiana amounts to but $6,000,000 a year, and the duties levied to protect "stumpage" and to promote the destruction of our forests and encourage Ohio farmers to use as sheep pastures land which is worth sixty dollars an acre for corn-raising—these have already been reckoned in the increased cost of the product of the woollen and lumber mills. Nothing is to be gained by exaggeration. The total money cost of the protective system annually, over and above the amount paid to the Government, ought not to be reckoned at much more than $300,000,000. This sum, however, is equivalent to the total State and municipal taxation of the country, and, were it a direct tax, would not be tolerated another year by the tax-burdened sections and classes.

The "consequential damages" are probably much more than the direct. An illustration of this is to be found in the tariff on copper ore, which ruined a flourishing industry, having its seat in Boston and Baltimore, viz., that of smelting copper ores from Chili mixed with American ores. How many such industries have been broken down, and how many prevented from coming up, by duties on raw materials and on tools and machinery can only be left to conjecture. The tariff debates of Congress are full of illustrations of the clogging effect of the tariff, which is simply a device for robbing Peter to pay Paul. In the case mentioned, Congress confiscated the property of the Eastern copper-smelters and handed it over to the Lake Superior mine-owners, and called the process protection to American industry.

THE BALANCE OF TRADE.

WE have been looking anxiously for an old-fashioned argument for high tariffs on the balance-of-trade theory. Such arguments are now scarce, but we have found one in the speech of the Hon. Jehu Baker of Illinois, which, although delivered in the House on the 19th of July, was not printed in the *Congressional Record* until the 27th of September. Formerly the balance of trade cut a great figure in discussions of the tariff, but latterly it has fallen into "innocuous desuetude." Its decadence is probably due to the fading away of the "gold scare." The balance-of-trade theory generally requires us to believe that if there is an excess of imports over exports, there will presently be a "drain of gold," and a suspension of specie payments, and an irredeemable currency, and all that.

Two circumstances have conspired to deaden this popular apprehension. One of these is the fact that for nearly twenty years we had an irredeemable currency. The "blood-stained greenback" became very much a popular idol. On the other hand, gold was loaded with the reproach of having "deserted us in our hour of trial." The tendency towards personification of the medium of exchange—a relic, probably, of early superstitions when all things beneficial to man were classed as gods and all things hurtful as demons—has had the effect to degrade gold, in consequence of its unpatriotic behavior during the war; for although gold deserted the Confederates sooner and more completely than it deserted us, that fact was never brought home to us by sharp experience. We only remember that when we were battling for the Union, and when we needed every effective agency of warfare, gold turned tail and scuttled away to Europe. Then the friendly greenback came to our rescue and remained with us to the end. It came out of the conflict, as Senator Oglesby of Illinois eloquently affirmed, "battle-scarred and blood-stained." Our standard of value, like our regimental standards, became something sacred. The very dirt and tatters of the greenback gave it a camp-like and democratic aspect. Gold, on the other hand, acquired a foreign and aristocratic air, which it still wears to the eyes of a great many people.

The other circumstance that has helped to deliver us from the nightmare of gold drains is the silver craze that started up about the time that gold began to repent of its dastardly conduct and come back to us. We all

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remember how Wall Street, and the gold bugs, and the bondholders, and the national banks have been berated and scoffed at as a privileged class, as an oligarchy, as bloodsuckers, vampires, etc., etc. This kind of talk is still issuing from the mouth of Senator Stewart of Nevada, and occasionally, but not so much as formerly, from that of Senator Beck of Kentucky. The accusation has been perpetually brought against the gold bugs that they were intentionally doing some injury to silver. Striking down silver and disinheriting silver have been the crimes laid to their charge from year to year, with the intention, of course, of unduly exalting gold and conferring upon that metal the birthright belonging to its twin brother or sister. Naturally, sympathies are aroused for the ill-used metal, the disinherited member of the family.

Both of these circumstances have been adventitious and both misleading, but they have laid the ghost of the balance of trade pretty effectually. Nobody fears gold exportation now; and since nobody fears it, nobody talks about it. We presume that this is the reason why Mr. Baker has dropped gold out of the list of available spooks, and has substituted in place of it "our stored-up wealth." "What is a balance of trade?" asks Mr. Baker. "It is the difference between what a nation sells and what she buys. If she sells more than she buys, the balance is in her favor, and it adds to her stored-up wealth. If she buys more than she sells, the balance is against her and has to be paid for out of her stored-up wealth." No definition of stored-up wealth is given by Mr. Baker. There are very few forms of wealth that will bear storing up for any considerable time. Grain, cotton, provisions, and the bulk of the commodities which are accepted in exchange for other commodities very soon deteriorate on storage. The stored-up wealth of the country consists almost wholly of the instruments of reproduction and transportation, including buildings and other improvements on land. Of course, gold is included in the list of stored-up wealth, but we judge that Mr. Baker did not have this in his mind when he used the phrase. What he meant to say, apparently, was that if a nation buys more than it sells, the balance has to be paid out of her instruments of reproduction and transportation—not out of the products thereof, but by handing over the instruments themselves to foreigners.

Looking at the subject in this light, we are amazed at the financial crisis impending over the British Empire. Usually the balance-of-trade philosopher in this country shuns the trade statistics of Great Britain because they show an enormous balance of trade against that country every year, and this fact does not tally with the common belief that England is a creditor nation towards the world in general, while the balance-of-trade theory requires us to believe that, since her imports exceed her exports, she ought to be a debtor nation. But Mr. Baker does not dodge the English statistics at all. On the contrary, he welcomes them as the aptest illustration available to sustain his position. He shows in tabular form that British imports have exceeded British exports regularly every year from 1854 to the present time, and that the balance of trade against England now reaches the enormous sum of $11,892,633,118. This, he says, "teaches a highly significant lesson." What does it teach? Why, that England owes to other countries a sum equal perhaps to her entire stored-up wealth in the form of machinery, buildings, railroads, and canals, for Mr. Baker says that the trade statistics fall far short of showing the real balance of trade against her, since $250,000,000 per year of her exports are those of foreign and colonial produce, which should be added to the balance against her. So here we have a few billions more or less of British indebtedness to other countries to be added to the large total already mentioned. That Mr. Baker is not thinking about a "drain of gold" is evident from the fact that Great Britain's debt, according to his estimate, is more than double the entire amount of gold in the world, as estimated by good judges, including that used for purposes of ornament.

Weighed down with such a load of debt, Mr. Baker does not wonder that Great Britain would like to get this country into the same predicament as herself. "What," he asks, "could be more natural than that England should desire to unload a part of her crushing adverse balance of trade upon the shoulders of the United States? And this," he continues, "is precisely what the scheme of the Chairman of our American Ways and Means Committee would accomplish." What will become of Great Britain when the other nations call on her for payment, or what will become of them if she fails to pay promptly, Mr. Baker does not tell us. Considering that the other nations have no collateral security, we should say that their position was rather the worse of the two. Is it not probable that England maintains her navy in order to resist the collection of this debt?

Our explanation of the balance of trade is, that a nation is enriched by the goods that she receives rather than by what she parts with. This theory harmonizes with the prevailing conception, that Great Britain is a creditor instead of a debtor nation. It also enables us to cherish the opinion that the eleven or twelve billions of dollars of adverse balance of trade that have been piled against her in the trade returns of the past thirty-five years, represent a gain to her rather than a loss.

"THE WAGES RACKET."

WE are in receipt of a large number of inquiries on the subject of wages, most of which it is impossible to answer, as for example: What is the present rate of wages in Belgium? What was the rate of wages in Germany under the free-trade policy? What was the rate of wages in the United States before the war? What is the comparative rate of wages in this country and in Australia? We desire to do everything in our power to satisfy seekers after truth. We look upon the inquiries themselves as very hopeful signs of the awakening of the people to the momentous problem that will, for some years to come, constitute the chief issue in our national politics. But in order to give any satisfactory answer to any question, we must first know what is the basis of the inquiry and what the answer signifies.

"The rate of wages." What wages? Wages are of every kind and degree, from those of the street scavenger to those of the skilled weaver who can produce the Lord's Prayer on a silk handkerchief; from the stone-breaker on the public highway to the electrical engineer; from the boy who carries sheaves in the wheat field to the gold-beater who produces leaves of metal the 367,000th of an inch in thickness. Evidently "the rate of wages" is as impalpable as the Milky Way.

But, it may be replied, we mean the average rate of wages. There is no average rate of wages. Professor Richmond Smith, without any party bias, and with only a scientific intent, has proved, in a series of articles in the *Political Science Quarterly*, that the current tables, compiled and published by the grandmothers of statistics in this country as average rates of wages, are quite delusive. What is the average rate of wages of three boys, four girls, twenty-five women and seventy-five men, one foreman and two assistant foremen, all working at different trades? The usual way to determine the average rate is to add up the total weekly wages of all and divide the sum by the number of persons. But what does this tell us? Merely that if the whole sum were thus divided, each person would get a wage quite different from what he does get. But when we have reached this useless result, we need to know how many hours the wage-earners work, and how steady their employment is, and whether the unsteadiness of employment is due to their own choice or to the slackness of trade.

In order to reach any useful result, we need to know especially what is the efficiency of labor, that is, what any given unit of labor produces. In India, for example, grass is cut with a pocket-knife by men squatting on their haunches, and carrying a jute bag on their shoulders in which they put the hay crop by handfuls. In America, it is cut by a hay harvester drawn by horses, the driver sitting on a comfortable seat. In Italy, ploughing is done by relays of men and women using wooden mattocks. In England, it is done by gang-ploughs run by steam or electricity. An American workman turns out 33 per cent. more shoes with a given machine than an English workman using the same machine. What can the rate of wages do for us in such cases towards the solution of any economical problem? Yet such cases are as multifarious as the inhabitants of the earth.

Again, the rate of wages is different in different parts of the same country. This variation happens in the same trades. The variation will sometimes run as high as 100 per cent. Mr. John Jarrett testified before a committee of Congress, in 1883, that the wages in Western rolling mills was from 50 per cent. to 200 per cent. higher than in the

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Bethlehem Iron Works of Pennsylvania. We will quote his exact words:

"Now I want to say further that the wages paid in that concern were in some instances 50 per cent. less than those paid in the Western mills. I will go further: I will say, for instance, that in 1882 there was at least over double the amount paid in Western mills for rolling hands that was paid in that mill, *perhaps nearly three times as much.*"

Mr. Jarrett is a well-known high-tariff spouter. Mr. Blaine is another, and he told us, in his famous cotton-goods report, that the wages of cotton-spinners in Massachusetts were higher than in the other New England States and their hours of work shorter.

Now, we ask again, what can the "rate of wages" tell us, even if we could resolve that Milky Way and bring it into our arithmetical tables? Nothing at all. Take the comparative rates of wages that are now flooding the country from Washington under the frank of "Bill" Chandler. Here is a specimen:

	England.	U. S.
Cotton-mill hands....	$4.60	$6.72

Both figures are wrong, as Mr. Blaine proved to us in the report already referred to. But suppose they were right. Would they tell us how much cloth $4.60 in wages produces in England and how much in the United States? Would the nine cents per day paid to the East Indian grass-cutter convince us that the American horse-mower, getting $1.50, could never compete with him in the hay market? A few years ago an American citizen went to Brazil to restore a ruined sugar plantation. The first thing he did was to double the rations of the hands. They had been half starved, and were in a condition of bodily weakness and mental mutiny. The result of doubling the pay was to more than double the crop. The plantation was restored and became profitable to its owner.

There are signs that "the wages racket" has nearly run its course, and that workingmen are beginning to see its hollowness and inconsequential character. We doubt whether it will hold out thirty days longer.

THE GREAT AWAKENING.

THE greatest drawback to tariff reform in years gone by has been the inability to interest the masses in the subject. The law of inertia, or indisposition to change, is as great and significant in the mental or intellectual world as it is in the material. Something has got to take place in both cases, or the tendency of things will be to remain as they are; and in the case of the tariff iniquity, this something did not occur in sufficient force until the bold and clear appeal which President Cleveland made to the American people in December last, commanded, in virtue of his office, universal attention. Simultaneously popular interest was excited. Every day has since seen it widen and deepen, and now one of its most striking features is the number of elaborate investigations which individuals in different portions of the country are making in respect to the claims of the protectionists for a longer continuance of high duties, and the almost uniformly adverse judgment which such investigations are inducing in almost every mind capable of clear and unprejudiced reasoning.

Thus, for example, in response to an offer some time since of a prize of $250 by the Reform Club of this city for the best essay on the injurious influences of the existing tariff on the local industries of any district, it is understood that over 250 essays have been sent in, and that many of these are of a high order of excellence, and embody revelations of great value in future discussions. In addition to this, many individuals, in all parts of the country, who, since the President's message, have made for the first time a special study of the tariff, have become so convinced of its national impolicy, and so interested in their conclusions, that they are printing them in an attractive way and circulating them among their friends and the public, so that hardly a day now passes which does not bring one or more of such publications to our notice.

One of the most recent and interesting of these which we have seen, replete with homely, common-sense propositions and deductions, not lacking in wit, and having withal a strong, old-school, Puritanic flavor, is entitled 'Tariff Chestnuts, or, Prepared Food for an Over-fed but still Hungry Public,' by George Brickett, and having the imprint of "Boston." As a specimen of its contents we quote the following from its exposition of "What constitutes Protection to American Industries?"

"Protection to American industries is not a tax paid by foreigners, but one paid by Americans. If you think it wise to protect an industry that you are not directly interested in, I make this proposition to you. Tax yourselves only one cent a year, and give the proceeds to me, and I will open a new American industry, agreeing to employ 1,200 native American laborers at wages of $500 a year, or I will give them $450 a year and allow them 365 holidays. You are following me as an arithmetician. In round numbers there are 60,000,000 people to be taxed.

One cent from each amounts to.....	$600,000 00
1,200 laborers at $450 each would take of this amount.....	540,000 00
Leaving for me.....	$60,000 00

In the new industry twelve hundred laborers are employed at good wages and very light work. Sixty thousand dollars is a fair remuneration for my severe mental strain. Twelve hundred and one of our population, pure, native Americans, are engaged in a business profitable to them, and the other 59,998,799 are losers of only one cent each. This business I will continue, and I will further agree not to reduce the wages of my help, to employ only natives, and not to import laborers from Hungary, Poland, or Italy to compete with them. There shall be no 'shut-down,' no strikes, and in ten years I agree to have a free library, gymnasium, and hospital for my help. I further agree to find politicians who will point to this new industry as one that has grown up entirely under the beneficent workings of protection. I will refer to this industry, myself, as depending absolutely upon the glorious American idea of protection. But can you afford this? Haven't you a nobler use for the $600,000? Cannot you, for this amount, employ the 1,200 in some manner that shall be profitable to you as well as to them? Protection to American industries is a profit to the few and a loss to the many."

Possibly some in reading the above may regard this illustration of Mr. Brickett, although a happy one, as nevertheless somewhat extravagant; but, if so, they would be mistaken, for within a few days one Charles Duffy, in a letter to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, has put the case much more forcibly and practically. He states that he knows all about manufacturing tin-plate, and is prepared to commence the business in this country and supply all its demands for this article, if Congress will only advance the present duty from 1 cent per pound to 2½ cents; or, in other words, pay the good and patriotic Duffy $14,250,000 for establishing a new American industry of substantially the same kind as Mr. Brickett proposes in his 'Tariff Chestnuts' to do on a smaller scale, and on the basis of an annual contribution of the people of the country of only $600,000. But whether Mr. Brickett has borrowed his idea of protecting American industry from Mr. Duffy, or Mr. Duffy has unwittingly anticipated Mr. Brickett, one thing is certain, and that is, that the influence which Mr. Brickett and other like people are now exerting, is likely soon to satisfy Mr. Duffy and all his kind of folk that if they expect to get $14,250,000 per annum out of the country by taxation on tin-plate, they need to hurry up, for the day for such transactions, whether Mr. Cleveland is re-elected or not, is rapidly nearing its end.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

LONDON, September 10, 1888.

IT is often remarked that new ideas take root and grow very slowly in England. British instincts are conservative; they cling strongly to the past and its lines of thought and action. The insular mind does not venture very far ahead; all movements which look to grappling with the problems of the future are extremely cautious and tentative, not to say almost suspicious and distrustful. Perhaps this springs partly from the weight of the present difficulties; the Empire always has on its hands, either at home or abroad, quite enough to absorb the attention of its statesmen and thinkers. Still, the world is in a marvellous state of flux in this nineteenth century: problems of the most fundamental and far-reaching character develop rapidly, thrust themselves forward into notice, compel attention, clamor for solution. Even British inertia has to respond to the quickening impulses of steam and electricity. For a long time the people of these islands seemed comparatively unconscious of the great national results which must flow from the fact that year by year vast swarms of people were leaving their shores to find new homes in new lands still under British sway. Of late they are certainly awaking to the importance of the new factors which this migration is introducing into the national life, and are doing so with unwonted alertness.

The whole attitude of the public mind on this question has quite changed within a comparatively short time. Fourteen years ago, when, as a Canadian, I first discussed the problems of British unity, or the so-called Imperial Federation idea, at the Union (the great debating school of Oxford), the question was looked upon as a new one. Not only was this true of undergraduate Oxford, but of many men in public life with whom I then talked upon the subject: only here and there was one found who had thought about it at all. All this has been changed in the last few years. J. R. Seeley, the well-known Cambridge Professor of History, has devoted a brilliant series of university lectures to the subject, and these, published under the title of the 'Expansion of England,' have found an immense and sympathetic audience throughout the English-speaking

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world. Goldwin Smith, the no less brilliant, but somewhat pessimistic, Oxford Professor of History, who has chosen Canada as his home, finds his pen pretty constantly employed in trying to throw cold water upon a movement which threatens to blaze up into a national enthusiasm, but which is opposed to certain pet political dogmas of his own invention.

For some time the reproach most commonly made by Mr. Smith and others against the advocates of a more complete national unity was, that they were mere theorists, that practical public men held the idea at arm's length. This reproach no longer exists. Probably one of the most practical, shrewd, and business-like men that the House of Commons has known for some years was the late W. E. Forster. To the problem of Imperial Federation he devoted much of his later thought, and he had publicly announced that his chief object in life was to do all he could to forward the idea. Lord Rosebery, whose past career and present prestige clearly mark him out as a possible Premier of England, a man of tried caution and approved judgment, has deliberately accepted for himself the leadership of the movement since Mr. Forster's death; and though he leads the way too slowly to satisfy some, yet he loses no opportunity of pressing the idea upon his countrymen as one of the first importance both for those at home and those abroad. As President of the Federation League, he lately, by a special circular, directed the attention of the bishops present at the Lambeth Conference from every part of the British world to the national importance of the subject, particularly in its bearing upon the great missionary enterprises of British Christians. With a like address he endeavored to enlist the sympathy of the members of the Pan-Presbyterian Council in session at London. In both cases the appeal met, I believe, with satisfactory response. Lord Rosebery points out that the object of the League is to secure "the closest possible union of the interests ruled by the British Crown, consistent with that national free development which is the birthright of British subjects all over the world—the closest union in sympathy, in external action, and in defence." He goes on to say that, "so far as the human intellect can discern, there is nothing in the affairs of this world which is so likely to realize that 'peace and good-will towards men' which it is the object of the Church to establish, as the voluntary entrance of the people of this great Empire into a federation for the defence of common interests, the maintenance of common rights, and the fulfilment of those responsibilities which have ever been held by the British race to be attached to the possession of power."

In expressions such as these, I believe that Lord Rosebery is only reflecting sentiments which are fast becoming a fixed idea in the British mind, or, at least, in the mind of that section of the British people which thinks. The idea is not monopolized by any party or any set of politicians, and its warmest advocates are drawn in about equal numbers from Liberals and Conservatives alike. Many thinkers believe that no finality can ever be looked for on such a question as Irish Home Rule until it is dealt with on a broad national basis, when all the English-speaking parts of the Empire shall be placed on a similar footing, and when a definite line of separation shall be fixed between matters of local and matters of imperial interest. Two utterances upon this aspect of the question have attracted a good deal of attention within the past few weeks. In Canada Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax, speaking at a meeting of the Imperial Federation League, took the ground that the objects of the League did not clash with the aspirations of the Home Rule party, but that Home Rule would have its best opportunity in a wisely federated Empire. "We hope to see," he said, "each colony and state of this Empire brought together and knitted into one grand whole, in which individuality will not be swallowed up in union, but unity secured and perfected by the guaranteed autonomy of each unit." The late correspondence between Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Parnell touched upon the same point. Mr. Rhodes, an influential British subject from South Africa, pointed out to Mr. Parnell that he and many others, while sympathizing with the idea of Home Rule, could not, as ardent supporters of Imperial Federation, also support a measure which, like Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, did away with Irish representation at Westminster. This provision, he claimed, looked to disintegration rather than federation. Mr. Parnell at once replied that he had regarded the clause referred to as a great defect in Mr. Gladstone's bill, and affirmed that Home Rule, as he understood it, was not at variance with the aims of the Federation League. A subscription of ten thousand pounds to the Irish fund by Mr. Rhodes was the outcome of this declaration of Mr. Parnell.

These facts may serve as illustrations of the dritt of the national thought. That Government has begun to feel the strength of the movement is shown by the significant circumstance that last year, at the suggestion of the Federation League, Lord Salisbury was induced to summon a conference of officially appointed delegates from all the great colonies to consult and advise upon questions of common interest. Ten or fifteen years ago such a step would have been looked upon by an English statesman as absurd: now it seems but a natural recognition of the widening of the national horizon. The fact that such a conference could, without special difficulty, be called in London, was itself a striking proof that space is not now a serious hindrance to effective national unity.

Population goes on increasing in Britain with surprising rapidity. The addition each year is estimated at about 400,000. The accumulating social pressure which this implies gives a strong impulse to political thought. Only a few weeks ago an influential deputation waited upon the Premier, and urged the advisability of giving direct financial support to a large scheme of State-aided emigration to the colonies, supporting their views by the argument that such a step would serve the double purpose of relieving pressure at home and strengthening the Empire in its outlying parts. While public aid is thus invoked, private philanthropy is working on parallel lines, and various religious and benevolent bodies are engaged in the work of selecting good emigrants, and assisting them to find better homes in Canada, Australia, or South Africa. The conditions under which colonization of this kind is carried on, tends to strengthen greatly the sense of national unity.

The points to which I have referred are only a few of the many indications that are visible here in England of the rapidly gathering strength of the Federation movement. It would never have gone so far, however, unless there had been a responsive or, indeed, a preliminary movement in the colonies. I think that the most critical or hostile observer would be forced to admit that at present, throughout the Empire, the tendency is decisively towards closer union of the various parts, rather than disintegration. It is probably the largest question now coming up within the domain of peaceful political development.

GEORGE R. PARKIN.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF DANTE.

RAVENNA, July 31, 1888.

HERE, in face of Dante's tomb, it is perhaps allowable to regret that Ampère's charming 'Voyage Dantesque' is after all so imperfect, and that no one has had the courage to supply what is lacking in that, and still less to write another book on the same theme from a somewhat different point of view. Italy is better known to outsiders than it was when Ampère wrote; but there are many places where Dante stayed which are seldom visited by the traveller, and about the aspect of which at the time when Dante lived the reader of the 'Commedia' knows next to nothing. Yet Dante seldom mentioned a place, and never spoke of one in the way of description or comparison, unless he had himself seen it and it had left a strong impression on his mind. Among the multitude of commentators few have illustrated the great poem, either as regards persons or places, by a careful study of local history. Blanc, in his well-known dictionary, and even Don Giacomo Poletto, in his more ambitious 'Dizionario Dantesco,' of which the seventh and concluding volume has recently been published, often give no further information about a person or a place than is found in Dante's own words, turned by them into prose. Many of the allusions of the poet cannot be properly appreciated until the family history of each of the men praised or abused by Dante is thoroughly understood, and the relations of these men to each other and to Dante have been carefully studied. Owing to the migrations of families, the Guelphs and Ghibellines of the different Italian cities seem connected with one another in such unexpected ways that it requires a considerable knowledge of old chronicles and of more modern compilations to disentangle the knot.

A study of this kind has been undertaken by Isidoro del Lungo of Florence, who has long occupied himself with that epoch, in a book just published called 'Dante ne' tempi di Dante.' But, in order to be thorough, the author has been obliged to restrict himself to very few subjects, and treats only of the new people in Florence in Dante's times—William of Durfort and Campaldino; a family of Pisan Guelphs in Dante's time; the relations of Dante to the house of Este; and his dispute with Forese Donati.

A month's stay on the slopes of the Apennines, on the edge of the Romagna, interested me in several of the old castles and towns mentioned by Dante; and drives through the country, and occasional visits to the libraries of Forli, Faenza and Ravenna, convinced me that much might still be done to elucidate the poet's invective against the Romagna, in the fourteenth canto of the 'Purgatorio,' as well as to throw light on other passages.

According to Balbo, Dante probably went from Arezzo to Forli in the autumn of 1302. He must either have gone up the valley of the Arno and then crossed the mountains with great difficulty, or he must have gone back towards Florence as far as Pontassieve and taken the well-known road through the pass which is now traversed by the diligence. The road to Faenza, almost parallel to this, is not known to have existed until a century later. At all events, he stopped, apparently for more than a day, in the monastery of San Benedetto, situated on a high hill, a little below the high pass where several small valleys come together, and the streams which flow through them combine and form what is now called the River Montone, and was apparently then known as the Acquacheta. What is now the largest and

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evidently the main stream is now called the Montone above this junction, even to its source. At San Benedetto it receives from the right the Troncalossa; then a few steps further on the left, the Acquacheta; and half a mile further down on the right, the Caprile. Increased by other brooks, it is a stream of considerable size at Castrocaro, especially in the spring or autumn, and in summer immediately after rain. Just before reaching Forli it is joined by the Ronco, a stream of nearly equal size, flowing down the parallel valley on the right, which, in distinction from the Acquacheta, was known in the Middle Ages as the Acquaviva. Formerly the river again divided, and embraced Forli between its two arms, both of which fall into the sea, and often caused great danger by the severity and frequency of its freshets. The name Montone—the ram—is variously explained: by some, on account of the two horns or branches of the river; by others, from the savage frequency with which it butted against the walls of Forli. The ancients knew one of the two arms running into the sea—and possibly even both—as the Vitis, Vitius, or Utens. The rage of the river has since been appeased, partly by devastation among the trees in the mountains, and partly by a new, well-regulated channel, through which—in spite of frequent outlets for irrigation—it peaceably reaches the sea at Ravenna. It did not require a great stretch of geographical imagination, or rather of vision, for Dante, standing in front of the cascade of San Benedetto, to perceive that this was the first river, except the Po, which rose in the Apennines and emptied into the Adriatic. The idea probably occurred to him only when, on the shore of the Adriatic, he noticed how near its mouth was to that of the Po, and found on reflection that every Apennine stream, from Monte Viso on the extreme western frontier of Italy, whose great peak is sometimes seen from the coast of Mentone, as far as Ravenna, is absorbed by the Po itself.

That Dante should have visited the cascade shows that he must have passed some little time at San Benedetto, for it is distant an hour and a half on horseback, and more on foot by a steep and scrambling path. It shows, too, that Dante was not destitute of love for mountains and landscapes, as Mr. Ruskin and some others would have us suppose, if, when on a long and fatiguing journey—in exile, too—he went so far out of his way simply to see a mountain-gorge and a waterfall. Unfortunately, our little party lacked Dante's pluck, and, although we had driven up the valley four hours for the express purpose of visiting the cascade, when we found the length of time required, which would prevent our returning home that night, and the difficulties of the way, we put it off till another time, especially as the Acquacheta was then so low that the inhabitants told us it would be hard to see even a trickling of water. Olindo Guerrini, with whom I have talked since, says that the cascade is now very small and insignificant, and by no means authorizes Dante's use of the word *rimbomba*. But we agreed that, in all probability, the aspect of the place, from the cutting down of trees and the wearing away of rocks and earth, is very different now from what it was in Dante's time. I walked up the ravine far enough, however, to see that the hillsides were ploughed at short distances with the tracks where, in spring or rainy weather, torrents ran, leaped, or slid down to reach the stream below; and I could not help wondering whether the word thousands (*mille*) could not refer to these torrents rather than to the expected inhabitants of either town or abbey. Both are in a very picturesque situation: the ruins of the abbey—for there is little now except a small church—on the top of the hill; the village, which is called San Benedetto in Alpibus, partly grouped about the Badia, and partly in the valley below. The chief street leading up to the church is named Via Dante.

As we descend the valley, the road running sometimes close to the water, at others making sharp turns at the edge of precipices hundreds of feet above, we see on the other side, between Portico and Rocca San Casciano, the ruins of the old castle of Calboli, the home of that house once so powerful, at Forli, of whom one member is praised by Dante in the 'Purgatorio,' while the remainder are castigated because they were of opposite parties to Dante and his friends, and one of them, Fulcieri da Calboli, was in power at Florence. This castle was beseiged in the autumn of 1277 by Count Guido Novello, then Podestà in Faenza for the Forlivesi—

"in order to wrest this post from the exiles, and free the neighboring peasants and subjects of Forli from their inroads. There were in the castle Rinieri and Guido Calboli, brothers and lords of the place, and with them other nobles and 800 defenders; the Senate of Bologna having given Rinieri 12,000 lire, so that he could provide for his defence for at least ten months, with the promise of aid. Nevertheless, assistance being prevented by the difficulties of the mountains and the passes, and the castle being bombarded by seven enormous machines, which threw huge stones and laid low the houses and killed the men, the lords of Calboli, together with Count Regolo, lord of Particeto, and other exiles, surrendered; safety being promised to their persons and to as many of their goods as they could carry away."

The castle was burned and destroyed, but was rebuilt in the time of Pope Martin IV. The family continued important and powerful until it subsequently became merged in the Paulucci family—the source of many eminent men—and exists to the present day at Forli, the head having the title of Marchese Paulucci di Calboli. One branch has even settled in Russia.

Rocca San Casciano is a very dilapidated and almost shapeless ruin, towering about the flourishing pretty town of the same name at the bottom of the valley. So remote is this little place from the busy world that one finds, almost without surprise, a well-printed thick octavo volume both written and published there this very year—a Latin georgic poem with an Italian verse translation by Giuseppe Mangozzi, called 'La Cerere della Romagna Toscana,' which is not without poetical merits, and is curious as a study of local agriculture and country customs. A little way further, and we see the high fortress of Castrocaro in the distance, but, before reaching it, come upon the picturesque castle of Dovadola. After passing Castrocaro and Terra del Sole, spoken of in detail in a previous letter, we see far to the right on a parallel range of hills the tall square tower of the Caminate, which dominates all this landscape; and then the buttresses of Bertinoro, called by Dante Brettinoro, once a stronghold, and now the favorite summer resort of the inhabitants of Forli, whose vineyards and cheerful villas cover all the slopes. This was the home of Guido del Duca, into whose mouth is placed the invective against the Romagna, but whose identity seems lost in the crowd of other Guidos. In the hills above Bertinoro stood the castle of Polenta, whose eagle protected Dante in exile at Ravenna, and which was the ancestral home of poor Francesca da Rimini. There remains nothing of it now but a formless mound, for after the castle was destroyed its stones were taken to build a little chapel. This has furnished Olindo Guerrini (Stecchetti) with the subject for a short poem presenting some of his peculiar views, which must be given in an unrhymed version:

"THE CASTLE OF POLENTA.

"O passer-by, who hastenest thy step
Along the lonely road,
Lift up thy gaze toward this ruined mound,
Regard this heap of stones.

"For once a castle grim did darkly frown
Upon this very hill,
Whose lord viewed all his vassals round about
As so much food for war.

"The blood he shed for vengeance cried aloud,
Which God did give at last:
The castle fell, and on its site arose
A humble little church.

"But cursed is the place! The jealous fates
All peace have torn away:
Rapine among the cottagers still reigns
As once it reigned before.

"The cruel lord no longer stains with blood
The valleys and the hills:
A bestial parish priest instead takes tithes
Of all the peasant girls."

From Bertinoro there is a wide view over the great Romagna plain, that land which

"sits by the seas,
Upon that shore to which the Po descends,
With all his followers, in search of peace."

One can see nearly all the towns mentioned by Dante in this region from above Faenza to the north, as far as Rimini in the dim southern distance. Each one has been so characterized by the poet that, when they have once been visited, his description cannot be forgotten. It is enough to mention Cesena, because Ampère apparently saw the town only in passing, and considers that in the description of Dante the political has got the better of the topographical feeling. Any one who has approached the town from the north, and has seen it apparently on the middle of the hillside, and who then, after passing the brimstone refineries, crossing the bridge, and toiling up the steep street, has come to the open market-place, above which is the towering Rocca with its castle, and has then gone further on, winding up a still steeper hill to the picturesque sanctuary of La Madonna del Monte, with its splendid view—will at once admit the poet's terse and truthful description:

"And that of which the Savio bathes the flank,
Even as it lies between the plain and mountain,
Lives between tyranny and a free state."

(It is unpleasant to quote from such a bald and unpoetical translation as that of Longfellow, which is often so literal that it cannot be understood without the aid of the original; but it is the only one at hand, and is probably the one most easily accessible to the reader.)

Dante, when he was at Forli, probably heard enough about Guido Buonatti, the astrologer, to justify himself in placing him low down in hell as a type, by the side of Michael Scott, in spite of his being regarded as one of the worthies of his native place. Poor Tibaldello Zambrasi is put in the lowest circle of hell, because he opened the gates of Faenza to the enemy (whom Longfellow wrongly calls the French, in addition to giving Tibaldello a wrong family name). It is only from the old chronicles that we learn the reasons for his act, and can then see the motives of the poet's enmity. In 1269 Faenza had been once more conquered from Bologna by the men of Forli, who sent there as Podestà Count Glicerio of Castrocaro; and when, a few years later, the Guelphs of Bologna, headed by the powerful family of the Geremei, had exiled their rivals, the Lambertazzi, and a great number of Ghibellines, these latter were received with open arms by Forli, and some of them established themselves in Faenza, where both they and the men of Forli easily succeeded in making themselves very obnoxious. By 1281 Tibaldello, although he had always been a strong Ghibelline, had got so indignant with the conquerors, and especially with the Lambertazzi, who had recently insulted him by killing his favorite little pig, that he swore ven-

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geance. He began to feign himself insane, to lament immoderately for his lost pig, and to do all sorts of nonsense. He professed to divert his affections to a lean, half-starved old mare, nothing but skin and bone, which at last he carefully shaved, and, with plentiful use of sticks and stones, used to chase through the town. The rabble followed with shouts, and when the uproar caused the Lambertazzi to be on the alert, they found nothing but crazy Tibaldello and his old mare. Then he began to raise commotions at night, with cries of "To arms! to arms!" until he had entirely succeeded in lulling the vigilance of the usurpers, and was given full immunity for his absurd acts. Then, with a confidant, he one morning issued from the town, dressed as a sportsman, with a falcon on his wrist and a brace of setters, amid the laughter of his compatriots. Once outside, they changed their clothes for friars' gowns, and rode straight for Bologna, where, in secret council, they revealed their plot, and offered to deliver up Faenza. After some little negotiation the plan was arranged, and at dawn of St. Bartholomew's Day the gates were opened to the Bolognese, and the ruling faction was awaked by loud cries of "Long live the Church! Death to the Lambertazzi and the Forlivesi!" After a sharp fight, in which many were killed, the Lambertazzi and their supporters had to flee, and for some years Faenza was restored to the dominion of the Church. Tibaldello and all his family emigrated to Bologna, where they received all the privileges of the native nobility, and there was established the festival of *La Porchetta, or the little pig, which was for centuries* celebrated on St. Bartholomew's Day. Pope Martin IV., encouraged by this, wished to get possession of the other towns of the Romagna, and sent out a considerable army, in which were many Neapolitans and French, under the command of a French general Giovanni (also called Guido) d'Appia. In a battle on September 16, which brought Forli to great straits, the papal troops were victorious, but, among others, Tibaldello was killed.

In the fourteenth canto of the 'Purgatorio,' Dante says:

> "O Ugolin de' Fantoli, secure
> Thy name is, since no longer is awaited
> One who, degenerating, can obscure it."

And the commentators pretty unanimously tell us that Ugolino was a worthy and honorable gentleman of Faenza "who died without heirs, and thus his name was saved," taking the words in their literal sense. Apparently, however, the poet speaks sarcastically. Ugolino di Albertino Fantolino di Zerfognano, Count of Brisighella, lived at the Castle of Calamello in the valley of the Lamone in the mountains above Faenza, and was a noted Guelph. He died in 1278, but not without heirs; and his son, Ottaviano, two years afterwards, married the daughter of the Tibaldello just spoken of. So that Dante probably means that Ugolino's name had sunk so low that no degenerate descendant could obscure it more.

Nearly every line of this fourteenth canto contains a scrap of municipal history sadly needing elucidation and explanation. My stay in Castrocaro interested me in the lines:

> "Bagnacaval does well in not begetting,
> And ill does Castrocaro, and Conio worse,
> In taking trouble to beget such counts,"

especially as the commentators have offered no reasonable explanation of them. Bagnacavallo is now a small town on the railway between Bologna and Ravenna, about fifteen miles from the latter city, and is perhaps better known to us as the place where Byron's daughter Allegra died in a conventual school. In the latter half of the eleventh century we find Bagnacavallo governed by independent counts of the Malvicino or Malabocca family of Ravenna, who, in spite of some disasters, maintained themselves for over a hundred years. Count Ruggiero, who succeeded in 1250, had even a strong party in Ravenna itself, opposed to the Traversari family, of whom also Dante makes mention. Bagnacavallo was not large enough to satisfy the ambition of the princes of that time, and when Malvicino III. succeeded in 1281, he was living and intriguing at Forli. In 1296 he was elected Podestà of Cesena, in spite of the fact that he had been excommunicated and outlawed by the Pope. Nevertheless, he was not an adherent of the Ghibellines, and two years afterwards he ravaged and sacked the territory of Cunio. He was, of course, included in the general peace of Romagna towns in 1300, the jubilee year, but was still an object of dislike to Dante's friends when the poet first visited that region. He died about 1305, leaving an only daughter, Catherine, though a certain Ludovico, the very last of the family, appears on the scene fifty years later. In 1308 Bagnacavallo was captured by the Counts of Cunio, one of whom, Count Bernardino, was elected Podestà and maintained himself for twenty years, when he was exiled, and the town was annexed to the papal dominions, of which it formed a part until the present century.

Cunio, which Dante calls Conio, and the site of which seems utterly unknown to the commentators, was at one time a strong castle situated on the level country on the left bank of the Senio, between the town of Cotignola and the parish church of Felisio. It had indeed been destroyed before Dante wrote—for the last time, and then thoroughly, in 1296, by the Ghibellines, and especially the people of Faenza, lest it should be sold to Ravenna. But the Counts still existed—a large family of them too, who had sway over a large and fertile territory—and, when they could not rebuild Cunio, took refuge in one of their other castles, Barbiano, whence, on account of family disputes, some withdrew to Lugo and Imola, and ultimately founded several families. At that time, being independent and warlike, they caused considerable trouble to the Ghibellines, and we can easily understand Dante's wish that they should have no posterity. It was better, for the fame of the family at least, that this prayer was not granted, for Alberico was a very distinguished *condottiere* at the end of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth century. He defended Romagna against the Duke of Anjou; as Captain-General of the papal troops he was victorious at Naples, and triumphed at Rome; in 1402 he took Bologna from the Visconti, and was then made Grand Constable of Naples under King Ladislas; the next year he took Bologna again for the Pope, and only two years afterwards was excommunicated because he had gone back to the Neapolitan service without permission, and had been accused of irregularly seizing papal castles.

It seems almost needless to say that the better we understand the motives of the poet and the allusions which he makes, the better we appreciate the poem. Even these hasty and brief studies—mere amusements of a summer journey—convince me that it would probably be possible, although it would be a difficult and long task, to explain every historical allusion in the 'Commedia'; at all events, there is room and need for a careful dictionary of every place and person mentioned by Dante. E. S.

Correspondence.

THE TRUE INWARDNESS OF THE VERMONT ELECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some weeks since, a Vermont correspondent of the *Nation*—presumably a Congregationalist clergyman recently settled in the State—complained somewhat bitterly of the Democratic management of the post office business in that State, with reference to the duty of the Independents in the approaching national election. This complaint, in connection with the recent State election, and some uses made of it by partisan Republican journals and platform speakers, suggests this note from one who has some knowledge of the State "from Pownal to Derby Line."

It is lamentably true that the postal service in Vermont has suffered very material depreciation during the present Administration, and no one who knows the nature, capacity, and purpose of the Vermont Democratic ring will be at all surprised, or greatly disposed to criticise President Cleveland. The Vermont Democracy is the most unique organization in the history of modern political development. It is not a party, in the sense of an organization with political ideas or policy of administration to enforce and illustrate for the public weal, measures to carry, and reforms to be adopted. The Vermont Democracy is not a party; it knows nothing about ideas, principles, and measures: it is a clique, a ring, small and select, of party bosses, with several thousand voters who go to the polls and register the will of the leaders. There are Democrats good and true in the State by the thousand, but they are not organized so as to resist effectively the unscrupulous ring. These Democrats are as intelligent and patriotic and public-spirited as any men in the State, and they constitute the majority of the 17,331 votes given by the State in 1884 for Cleveland; but they are practically outside the ring, and have no effective influence on the conduct of the party or the "base uses" to which it is put by its masters.

In fact, the Democratic party does not exist in Vermont for State purposes, though it goes through the form of nominating State officers biennially, and voting for them, so as to preserve the party from disintegration. For years before the war the venerable Paul Dillingham used to stand as the party candidate for gubernatorial honors; and after the election was over and his overwhelming defeat was "officially assured," John G. Saxe, then of the Burlington *Sentinel*, would indite him a poem of political condolence over his misfortune. Later "Governor" (as everybody calls him) W. H. H. Bingham of Stowe, did the honors for his party; a few years ago they persuaded the Hon. E. J. Phelps, who, in addition to his other achievements, wrote the best poem on "Essex Junction" extant in the English or any other language, to run for governor. Recently, they have picked up such men as they could get. This year's candidate no one but a politician would think of as governor, while Mr. Dillingham, the son of Paul, one of the great war governors of the State, is confessedly the brightest, most capable and promising young man in Vermont to-day.

The Vermont Democracy exists and is ruled by two bosses, well known to every Vermonter at home and abroad, for the sole and supreme purpose of the national patronage in the State during a Democratic administration. This is its sole and only reason for living. It seeks no State victory; in fact, I do not believe they would

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know what to do with the State on their hands, if by some accident they should carry an election. It is the spoils of the national Administration they want. After twenty-five years of waiting, the day of these bosses came, and, as there is but one custom office in the State, and one boss wanted that—and but one Government building to be erected, and the other wanted the superintendency of that—there was only the postal service for the henchmen. Hence, old, experienced, and valuable route-agents were dismissed by Col. Vilas, at the behest of these party leaders, first-class postmasters turned out, and, in not a few instances, wholly incompetent men put in their places. And so it has gone all over the State, and this kind of business was just as congenial to Col. Vilas as to the Vermont leaders.

The same is true to a large extent throughout New England, and hence Col. Vilas's administration of the Post-Office Department not only failed to make friends for the President, but has actually alienated some of his best supporters. The postal service comes home to the great masses of the people in New England, and the one thing clergymen, teachers, and business men there will not tolerate with any patience is bad mail service. Thousands of them care not for the sex or political affiliation of postmasters, route agents, etc., but they insist on good service; and that is where Col. Vilas was the evil genius of the Administration in New England, and his work injured his party in Vermont; and in the recent State election the people associated this vitiated mail service with these well-known party bosses, and took this opportunity to "hit" them. But for these things Vermont would have shown marked Democratic gains. Hence, any apparent Republican gains are not attributable to Edmunds's "loyalty" this year, nor yet to fresh party enthusiasm, nor to any free-trade scare, albeit high tariff on wool is political orthodoxy in that State, though more Vermonters are engaged in dairying than in wool-growing, and even this is in the hands of the small but wealthy and influential Merino sheep ring. The apparent Republican gains grow out of this revolt against obnoxious bosses and a degraded public service, which is felt in nearly every home in the State.

As an original Mugwump, an unyielding Independent, and a friend and supporter of President Cleveland, I write this to show the true inwardness of the Vermont election. I have keenly regretted that this degradation of the postal service in Vermont by local machine politicians, as above described, aided by Cabinet officers, should be used by the President's political opponents as a proof of his declining strength. The same is true too largely in other portions of New England, and this mail service is the only feature of public life which would not have been worse under Blaine.

VERMONTER.

CHICAGO, September 25, 1888.

A PSYCHICAL COINCIDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For the benefit of investigators into the subject of coincidence, I send you the following statement, premising that the parties (man and wife) to whom the dream came are educated people, past forty years old, and not given to superstition, and the facts are stated as they actually occurred, without any paring down or dovetailing:

The two persons were asleep in the same room about 7:00 A. M., servants being up and moving about in the house, and making noises which could easily be heard in the bedroom.

The man awoke, conscious of having dreamed that he was at the office where he ordinarily went to his business, and saw, standing in the door some twenty feet from him, a young man whom he was in the habit of meeting frequently at that place. He addressed a question to the young man, who looked straight at him, and, with evident intention to be offensive, remained silent. Upon this the first speaker administered a severe rebuke to the young man, apologizing, as he did so, to the bystanders for his heat.

A moment afterwards, the wife wakened and begun detailing the following dream, before having heard anything of her husband's dream: She had been at home, engaged in some housekeeping matter which occupied for a moment her full attention, when her husband opened the door and called to her. Being busily engaged for the moment, she neither turned round nor answered him, whereupon he scolded her sharply, when she awoke before she was able to make the full explanation she had begun to give while she was asleep.

At the instant of waking, the wife spoke of her dream, and the husband detailed to her what he had dreamed a few moments before.

The question seems to be whether both parties heard, while asleep, sounds which produced parallel, though not exactly similar, impressions upon their minds, or the man dreaming talked in his sleep so as to be heard by his wife in her sleep, and only partially understood.

These two people have for a number of years noticed that exactly the same thought frequently occurs to them at the same moment, when they are together alone, and believe that their minds are impressed by outside circumstances, which, while they set in motion cerebration, do not fully awaken consciousness, if that be the proper expression of the idea.

Neither one of them when awake has ever known the other to talk coherently while asleep.

ONE OF THE DREAMERS.

CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND, September 25, 1888.

"PREVENTATIVE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. Worcester, citing Pilkington for *preventative*, rules that the word is "incorrectly used for *preventive*." This was in 1846. Similarly, in one of the older editions of the dictionary known as "Webster's," *preventative* is called "a gross blunder"; and the latest editions of the same work teach that it is "incorrectly used instead of *preventive*." Dr. R. G. Latham, as editor of Johnson's Dictionary, gives *preventitive* from the Rev. Dr. George Gregory's *Economy of Nature* (1796), and finds no fault with it. Such a development of *praevenire* as *præventire*, which is demanded by *preventitive*, has, however, no parallel in Latin.

With respect to *preventative*, coupled with another vocable, Mr. R. G. White, in the chapter of his *Words and their Uses* entitled "Words that are not Words," pronounces: "They ought to be, but I fear that they are not, evidences of an utter want of education and of a low grade of intelligence." Mr. Edward S. Gould, in his *Good English*, bracketing *preventative* with two other terms which he disapproves of, tells his readers that they "are already in constant oral use among ignorant people, and they are gradually working their way up among people of some education." As estimated by Dr. William Mathews, in his *Words, their Use and Abuse*, *preventative* ranks with "base coinages, barbarisms which should be excommunicated by 'bell, book, and candle.'"

Many critics besides those quoted above have condemned *preventative*, and equally in silence as to the etymological grounds on which it may be supposed to be inadmissible. But at last we meet with one who is sufficiently explicit on that point. "*Preventative* is an impossible form, presupposing a *præventare* (sup. *præventat-um*) that has no existence." So writes the author of *Errors in the Use of English*, Dr. William B. Hodgson, who can quote for the word only a bookseller's circular issued in 1869.

Dr. Hodgson forbears, and prudently, to object against *preventative* (in aspect a frequentative, or an intensive) that it ought to be either frequentative or intensive in signification. No doubt it occurred to him that our accepted vocabulary swarms with derivates which, with reference to Latin and Greek, are not justified by their current senses. But a little reflection should have suggested to him that a word is not to be cashiered as "impossible" just because it implies a factitious predecessor. *Annexare* is no proper Latin; and yet we have adopted, in *annexation*, the mediæval substantive evolved from it. Of the same class as *annexare* is *fixare*, which has given us *fixation* and *fixative; affixation*, also, not being unknown. Analogous to *annexare* is *intensare*, likewise, whence the verb *intensate*, Mr. Carlyle's *intensation*, and the adjective and substantive *intensative*, so written by Mr. G. J. Cayley (1853), but corrupted into *intensitive* by the Rev. G. S. Faber (1817), Mr. W. R. Hamilton (1822), Mr. Ruskin (1867), and Mr. Leslie Stephen (1879), while Sir Walter Scott has the adverb *intensitively*. Add Samuel Holland's *fluxation* (1656), and *perfectation*, which Mr. W. R. Greg has repeatedly. On Dr. Hodgson's principles, rigidly applied, we ought, indeed, to shun, as "impossible," not solely *annexation*, *fixation*, and *intensative*, but, additionally, *acceptation*, *adhesive*, and congeners of theirs which might be named by pagefuls.

The patrons of *preventative* have been, it seems, not a few. My numerous philological memoranda are only in small part arranged; but a little search among them has revealed the following quotations for the expression under discussion:

"A *preventative* care has been allowed of as a just one." "All *preventative* thoughts of hostility were silenced." Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, *Parthenissa* (1654), pp. 355, 581, (ed. 1676).

"When men have the *preventative* power of it." *Id.* (1662), *State Letters* (1743), vol. ii, p. 411.

"I hope it may serve, also, as a *preventative* to deter others from the like hazard." "She then recommended a little to me, as the best *preventative* of wind in the stomach." *The Trifler* (1788), Nos. viii and xxiii.

"The obvious *preventative* is a second chamber." Mary Wollstonecraft, *An Historical and Moral View*, etc. (1794), vol. i, p. 352.

"A most excellent *preventative* against the various mistakes and blunders men are constantly making." *The Man in the Moon* (1803), No. xi.

"That it might furnish us with a *preventative* for canine madness seems not impossible." Robert Southey, *Omniana* (1812), vol. ii, p. 265.

"And the *preventative* was effectual." *Id.*, in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxxvi (1827), p. 320.

"We hope that a complaint of the same kind, which laid us all up in the early part of last year, may serve as a *preventative* now." *Id.* (1831), *Selection from the Letters*, etc. (1856), vol. iv, p. 234.

"Even the *preventative* which George Tubervile recommends, in his monitory rhymes, is not infallible." *Id.*, *The Doctor*, vol. iv (1837), p. 53.

"The *preventatives* of superstition." William Taylor of Norwich, in the *Monthly Review*, vol. lxxii. (1813), p. 280.

"They have several kinds [of fish] which are effectual remedies for sins. I do not know whether they have any that are *preventative*; nor does that seem a consideration in their

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religion." W. S. Landor, *Works* (ed. 1846), vol. ii, p. 226.

"Do you know the late Dr. Baillie's *preventative* of the flatulency which tea produces?" Cardinal Newman, *Loss and Gain* (1848), p. 163. And the Cardinal has *preventative* in his *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine* (1845), pp. 101, 423.

"His intolerance of perfunctory remissness led him to adopt a complicated disciplinatory system, remedial and *preventative*." Isaac Taylor, *Wesley and Methodism* (1851), p. 280.

The word in question is also found in Bp. Heber's *Sermons;* in the *Life of William Wilberforce*, by his sons, Archdeacon R. I. Wilberforce and Bp. S. Wilberforce; and in the *Asiatic Researches*. My references to these works I cannot, however, at present verify.

By possibility, without consideration that it intercalates *preventive* worse than needlessly, *preventative* was modelled on some long adjective of similar termination. At any rate, once conspicuously before the world, it was adopted through heedless sequacity; and reiteration of it has gradually operated to the effect, that, rated by the standard of good usage, it has attained to considerable respectability. *Pensative*, for *pensive*, exemplifying an equally idle outlay of letters or demand of breath, was hazarded, in 1582, by Nicholas Lichefield, and was used as late as 1654 by Edmund Gayton. Viewed etymologically, it is better capable of defence, as is also Sir Thomas More's *assertation*, than *distributative*, instead of *distributive*, the property of the Rev. John Carpenter, writing in 1607. But such cumbrous devices, even where a classical ancestry, real or analogical, can be challenged for them, have, as was to be expected, found scant favor in a language whose tendency is shown in, for instance, its refusal to naturalize *idololatry;* in its preference, from the first, for *coercion* rather than, as in French, *coercition;* and in the imminent disappearance from it of *dilatation* before the handier *dilation*.

Your obedient servant, F. H.

MARLESFORD, ENGLAND, August 23, 1888.

THE INDICES TO HALKETT AND LAING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I, as editor of Halkett and Laing's 'Dictionary of the Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature of Great Britain,' ask you to give publicity to the fact that I am not the compiler of the indices which form the concluding portion of the fourth volume of that work recently issued? As I have already stated, in the London *Athenæum* of August 18, the preface which bears my name, as written by me for the press, contained the following sentence: "I have to add that my labors closed in 1885 with letter Z; the indices, etc., being the work of another hand."

These words were omitted, without my knowledge or consent. As the Dictionary is, I believe, well known in America, I shall esteem it a great favor if you will allow me to disclaim all responsibility with regard to the indices.—Your obedient servant,

CATHERINE LAING.

EDINBURGH, September 18, 1888.

Notes.

AMONG the forthcoming books, one likely to have more political than literary interest is 'The Private Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator,' which Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick has edited, adding a memoir and abundant notes. It will be published by Longmans, Green & Co. The same firm announce a 'Life of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe,' by Stanley Lane-Poole, which, seeing that this English diplomat was British Minister to Washington in 1820–1823, possesses an American interest.

Macmillan & Co. further announce 'Natural Inheritance,' by Francis Galton; 'Popular Lectures and Addresses on Various Subjects in Physical Science,' by Sir William Thomson; 'Scientific Papers,' by the late Prof. Andrews; a translation of Amédée Guillemin's popular treatise on 'Electricity and Magnetism'; 'A Practical Text-book of Pathology,' by D. J. Hamilton; a seventh series of 'Cameos from English History,' by Charlotte M. Yonge, embracing the Rebellion and the Restoration, 1642–1678; an 'Alphabet of Economic Science,' by Philip H. Wicksteed; a translation of Plato's 'Phædo, Lysis, and Protagoras,' by Josiah Wright, in the Golden Treasury Series; 'The Classical Element in the New Testament,' by the Rev. C. H. Poole; 'Some Contributions to the Religious Thought of Our Time,' sermons and addresses by the Rev. James M. Wilson; and 'University Sermons, New and Old,' by the Rev. Charles J. Vaughan. Macmillan & Co. have determined to enlarge their *English Illustrated Magazine* to seventy pages, without increase of price, the added space being especially desirable for the department of fiction.

Chas. Scribner's Sons have in preparation the 'Diary and Letters of Gouverneur Morris,' in two volumes; 'Cyclopædia of Music and Musicians,' by John D. Champlin, jr., and Wm. F. Apthorp, in three volumes; 'History of French Painting, from its Earliest to its Latest Practice,' by Mrs. Clara H. Stranahan; and 'First Harvests,' by F. J. Stimson.

Thomas Whittaker has in press 'Musgrove Ranch,' a tale of Southern California, by J. M. Browne; 'Our New Mistress,' by Charlotte M. Yonge; and in the Camelot Series, 'Irish Fairy Tales and Folk Lore,' selected and edited by W. B. Yeats; in the "Canterbury Poets," 'Chaucer,' edited by F. Noel Paton; in the "Great Writers," 'Crabbe,' by T. E. Kebbel—English issues by Walter Scott, London.

In the last catalogue of Hachette & Cie. we find an announcement of the first French edition of Prof. Guyot's 'Géographie Physique Comparée,' now first published in the original French, with a preface by M. Vivien de Saint-Martin.

Wilhelm Hertz, Berlin, will publish this fall the second volume of the Memoirs of the Duke of Coburg, which promises to be fully as entertaining and instructive as the first volume, already noticed in these columns.

We doubt if any volume of the 'Battles and Leaders of the Civil War' will be found to surpass in interest the third, just issued by the Century Co. It deals in the first place with Bragg's invasion of Kentucky in 1862, a campaign of which General Buell, who narrates the Federal part in it, says that it extended over a wider territory, and involved greater hazard to the Union cause, than any other. Incidentally, General Buell reveals his idea of generalship when vindicating his course on this occasion, both his own and his adversary's prudence having drawn popular censure from their respective "countries." He has also a pregnant paragraph on the rule of Confederate inferiority in numbers and superiority in effective fighting, which is philosophically explained much, we fancy, as posterity will explain it. Burnside at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Chickamauga, and Chattanooga, are the other grand topics of the volume, discussed by both sides. The leading chapter on Chattanooga is one of General Grant's, and is criticised by General "Baldy" Smith. This interesting and weighty writer shows how, contrary to a certain dictum, the Chattanooga engagement was fought exactly as it was *not* planned. His brief demonstration of this would make a good footnote to Tolstoi's thesis, that such deviations from the plan are the rule in war. The volume before us is, we need hardly say, like its predecessors, a marvel of typographical beauty and wealth of valuable illustrations.

If any one is disposed to vote politics "slow" this year, it is Mr. Edward McPherson, who delayed bringing out his invaluable 'Handbook of Politics for 1888' till it was clear that he would lose the campaign market if he held back longer for the Presidential letters of acceptance. The volume accordingly appears without them (Washington: James J. Chapman), but contains everything else of importance. The editor notices the two prime achievements of the past two years—the passage of the Electoral Count Act (pending since 1872) and the Inter-State Commerce Act (pending since 1884). Among the statistical tables is a comparison of rates in the Mills Bill and in the Tariff Act of 1883. Sections 18 and 19 exhibit the Constitutional amendments proposed or carried in the several States and in the United States respectively. No fewer than forty-two amendments to the Federal Constitution are recorded as proposed in Congress from December 16, 1886, to January 23, 1888. Mr. Blair and Mr. Crain had the honor of presenting four each.

Roberts Bros. have issued, in a style similar to their edition of the 'Imaginary Conversations,' Landor's 'Pentameron,' linking with it the "Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare," various minor pieces of prose, and the critical papers upon Petrarch, Catulius, and Theocritus, all in one volume. It is a very convenient collection, and we may congratulate ourselves that this really great writer is so easily accessible to the American public. An author whose works are more distinctly literature, has not been known in the present century.

Ginn & Co., Boston, have issued a new and revised edition of 'A Text-Book of Geometry,' by Prof. G. A. Wentworth of Phillips Exeter Academy. Although the whole book has been rewritten and considerably increased in size, it is essentially the same as when it first appeared in 1879. The alterations consist principally in the simplification of some of the demonstrations, and the increase in size is mostly due to the greater number of exercises. The great popularity of the book is sufficient evidence that the characteristics which distinguish it from others of its class meet with the approval of teachers generally, and we see no reason to dissent from the verdict. That concurrence, however, does not imply a complete agreement with the current methods of treating and teaching geometry—a subject which we have no room to discuss.

An 'Academic Algebra' and a 'College Algebra,' by Prof. Bowser of Rutgers College, published by D. Van Nostrand, are both excellent works. The only essential difference between them is that the latter is the more extensive, treating many subjects omitted in the former. But the 'College Algebra' does not assume any previous acquaintance with the science, and is equally adapted to the beginner and the undergraduate. The 'Academic Algebra' contains all that is necessary for entrance to any of our colleges.

While speaking of text-books, we may mention, as aids in the teaching of English worth examining, the 'Milton,' from Johnson's 'Lives

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of the Poets,' and Goldsmith's 'Traveller,' both edited with abundant notes (Clarendon Press, and Macmillan). An edition of "Richard III.," prepared by Prof. C. H. Tawney of Calcutta for the students of Indian universities (Macmillan), surpasses ordinary Western needs in the matter of notes, but may be all the more useful in some quarters among us.

Moore's 'Irish Melodies and Songs,' with Kenny Meadows's illustrations (reduced), has taken its place in the pretty Nuggets Series of the Messrs. Putnam. The ornamental borders of the pages have the green tint of Erin.

We can do no more at this time than report the welcome appearance of Prof. Edward Allen Fay's 'Concordance of the Divina Commedia' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.). It makes a handsome volume of 819 pages, and would alone be worth the formation of the Dante Society of Cambridge, Mass., under whose auspices it sees the light.

Dr. F. Ratzel's ethnographical volumes, in the series called 'Allgemeine Naturkunde' (New York: Westermann), are concluded with the 117th instalment of the entire work. The final issues (108–117) deal with the African populations of the equator belt stretching from Bornu to Abyssinia; the Asiatic from Persia to China and India; the European from the Caucasus westward; and the semi-civilized people of our western American coast. As usual, there are numerous excellent colored plates of costume, implements, weapons, vessels, etc., and still more wood-cuts of a trustworthy kind. There now remains to complete this great enterprise only one volume in the botanical division, which has been delayed by the editor's illness, but is expected to be ready in a few months.

The most significant article in the *Magazine of American History* for October is "The Story of a Prince," by Lee C. Harby. "A Romantic Chapter in Texas History" is its subtitle, and is fully borne out by this account of the founding of a German colony in Texas before it was wrested from Mexico. The narrative is not controlled by documentary evidence, as it should and might yet be (for it is only begun), but it was worth writing. Numerous portraits and other illustrations accompany the paper.

The September number of *Les Lettres et les Arts* (Paris: Boussod, Valadon et Cie.; New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons) contains six articles, of which the two most attractive are the first part of "Les Canons anciens et modernes," by General Thoumas, with its reproductions of curious old wood-engravings, and the second part of "L'Opéra sous l'ancien régime," by M. Adolphe Jullien, which is also illustrated by reproductions of old pictures and engravings. Among them is a little miniature of Sophie Arnould and a portrait of the irresistible tenor Jéliotte as Apollo, in full court dress and wig, holding a singular lyre. But the most expressive of these illustrations is from an old engraving of the time of Louis XIV., signed by the engraver, Trouvain, and representing the ambassadors of Morocco at the Opéra during a representation of the "Carnaval de Venise." "Orchardson et son œuvre," by Frederick Wedmore, is especially interesting on account of the five illustrations from the artist's work which accompany it.

If our memory serves us, the extravaganza with which *Le Livre* for September opens is the first incursion of fiction into this journal. And more is apparently to come, for "L'Héritage Sigismond: Luttes homériques d'un vrai bibliofol," by MM. Octave Uzanne and Adolphe Robida, is preceded by the general title, "Contes pour les Bibliophiles." It cannot be said that this department was needed to enliven the general contents, in which light and humorous articles are by no means rare. Nor is this first essay irresistibly mirth-provoking—perhaps because the deliberate destruction of a precious library is, in the eyes of a genuine book-lover, too tragic a theme for jesting. For international comparison, one might wish to see what Mark Twain would have made of the same conceit. This number of *Le Livre* is adorned with an excellent etched portrait of the Duc d'Aumale.

—The October *Atlantic* is an unusually pale number, remarkable chiefly, as much of our current work is, for evenness. The most agreeable paper is in the classical series, which takes up this month the correspondence of Marcus Aurelius with his old tutor, Fronto, one of the luckiest finds of this century in the old Italian libraries. Fronto himself, and not the Emperor, is the subject, and the nature of the friendship of the two is sufficiently illustrated from their very intimate letters. The article suffers, however, if one recalls the passages in Mr. Pater's 'Marius,' in which he translates, in a much nobler and not less faithful English, one or two of the same extracts, and builds up the character and personal impression of the old rhetorician in a more lively and fuller manner, as, indeed, his treatment is the more catholic in sympathy. The present paper will, perhaps, serve as good a purpose in sending the reader back to that picture of the thoughtful life of Rome in Aurelius's day which is the most profitable, both for knowledge and reflection, that modern scholarship, touched by a refined imagination, has produced. The remainder of the number affords us a vivid abstract of Garibaldi's memoirs, written in a sympathetic spirit, but deriving its interest from the romance of the Italian's tempestuous career. The suggestion that our century, which is now usually characterized as materialistic and scientific, will be known rather as the age of romance, is something more than a fancy. It has not lacked other great individual careers besides Garibaldi's, and in what pertains to the records of man in history and in literature the romantic element has certainly been the dominant one. Iceland is the source of the travel article, which is neither better nor worse than usual. There is the customary nature piece, with a refined touch, devoted to "pasture-herb and meadow-swath." Art is cared for by a critical account of the French pictures in the Boston Museum. The excellence of the magazine is well brought out when so undistinguished a number is so good as this.

—In the October *Forum* Mr. Gosse asks whether America has produced a poet, that is, one worthy to be ranked with the dozen great names of poetry in English literature. It is a mercy, in an Englishman, that he refrains even from mentioning Walt Whitman; but this is almost offset by the elaborate refutation that Lanier is an immortal. One observes in the article a singularly wrong apprehension of the best American opinion, which indicates that Mr. Gosse has fallen into the hands of coteries; and in other parts his remarks are trivial. He seems to think that the reason why Poe is not acknowledged in Boston is because he misbehaved before a very small audience in that city over forty years ago, and he gravely urges that Bostonians should really lay aside prejudices which spring from such an incident. This, however, does not invalidate his academic criticism of the only four (not among the living) whom he allows to be competitors for a high place, viz., Longfellow, Bryant, Emerson, and Poe. He denies their claims. Of Longfellow he says that his narrative is "second only to that of Prior and Lafontaine"; that his "real place is in Swedish literature, chronologically between Tegnér and Runeberg," and "that originality and greatness were just the qualities he lacked." Bryant is "a poet of less attractive but somewhat higher class than Longfellow," a hybrid product of "the Wordsworth of Tintern Abbey" and "the Coleridge of Mont Blanc," and he owes his impression to the persistence of this style through his life; "his irreparable fault is to be secondary, to remind us always of his masters first, and only on reflection of himself." Emerson belongs in a higher region than either, and if judged by selected passages, he gives "the impression of high imagination and great poetical splendor." He is "too fragmentary and uncertain" to be set among the stars, and deserves to figure at most as "an asteroid" among the planets. Poe is judged very leniently. Mr. Gosse declares that "the posy of his still fresh and fragrant poems is larger than that of any other deceased American writer"; his power of melody seems to be the charm that has cast this spell. Mr. Gosse does not quite dare to say that Poe is our first poet, but he goes so near it as to make the reader wink. He will hardly convert our people or our men of letters to his opinion. As we have said, his survey is limited to the dead. To the living he pays one tremendous compliment: "There was never a time, in my opinion," he says, "when America possessed among her citizens so various and so accomplished singers, gifted in so many provinces of song, as at present." Perhaps it is as well, in view of what he says of the dead, that he was not obliged to enter into details, and distribute this general judgment among Mr. Stedman's hundred bards of "the twilight."

—The September number of the *Bibliothèque Universelle et Revue Suisse* is one of the best that this excellent and too little known periodical has issued. It opens with an article on the French poet, Leconte de Lisle, by M. Édouard Rod, who, since the extinction of the *Revue Contemporaine*, of which he was the first editor, and his establishment at the University of Geneva as Professor of Comparative Literature, has been a frequent contributor to the pages of the Lausanne review. The present paper is one of a series upon the contemporary poets of France, and M. Rod presents very agreeably what he calls "the singular mixture of admiration and *agacement*" which is produced upon readers in general by this much-admired and little-read poet, whose three small volumes have only recently carried their author into the ranks of the French Academy. It must be said, however, that, in spite of M. Rod's skilful plea, the admiration, if admiration it be, given to the author of the 'Poèmes antiques,' the 'Poèmes barbares,' and the 'Poèmes tragiques' seems always to be given under protest; nor will everyone be able to say with the present critic that the *agacement* of the persistent reader is attenuated. M. Paul Stapfer gives the third and concluding part of his "Rabelais, sa vie et son œuvre," a very straightforward, unpretentious account of the life of Rabelais, and a clear exposition of the nature of his work. A very similar article, though upon a writer entirely unknown to most western readers, is the one entitled "Jean Kollar et la poésie panslaviste au xixe siècle," of which M. Louis Leger, the first among French Slavic scholars, gives the second and last part. Like all that appears in this periodical, even from scholars and specialists like M. Leger, it is as simply and plainly written as it

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is new and interesting, for the articles of the *Bibliothèque Universelle* never belong to what is very expressively called in Paris the literature of mandarins. Two excellent articles, "L'Histoire réligieuse de la Révolution française," by M. Edmond de Pressensé, and "Le Pessimisme philosophique et l'Optimisme chrétien," by M. Léo Quesnel, are very characteristic of the *Revue*, which, without being religious in its tone, is addressed to a community in which Protestant Christianity is respected. Among the lighter articles is one by M. G. van Muyden, "Les grandes Régates anglo-américaines." The various *chroniques*, Parisian, German, English, Swiss, are, as usual, very readable.

—The tenth volume of 'Meyer's Konversations-Lexikon' (New York: B. Westermann & Co.) has been completed, and the eleventh far advanced, ending with the article on Minting. The profusion of engraved and colored plates, among which latter we remark one of insect mimicry, and of maps, is well maintained. The articles on the colonial strivings of Germany; on Corinth and its canal, to be finished in 1891; on Krakatoa, etc., show the editing to be abreast of the times. So do the biographies of Prince Krapotkin and of Robert Koch, with his comma bacillus; but the notice of Dr. Morell Mackenzie makes no mention of his attendance upon the Emperor Frederick, and the subsequent unpleasantness. The article on running (*Laufen*) is illustrated by Muybridge's plate of the galloping horse. In general, American achievements are apt to be slighted, as for example in the sketch of the development of the pianoforte. The Knights of Labor are postponed to a later stage of the alphabet. Since cyclopædias are the great disseminators of error, it is worth while to point out two typographical slips in the article on Gen. McClellan: Brenton stands for Brinton, and Grange for Orange. Kossuth is severely judged; and in reply to a subscriber the editors say in their correspondence sheet that the *day* of Kossuth's birth was, and may still be, unknown to himself. Through the same channel they affirm against Vapereau that ex-President Grévy was born in 1807, not in 1813; and they add that his baptismal name was Judith François, which he took the liberty of exchanging for Jules.

—The Convention of the American Library Association, just held in the Catskills, was, as usual, a success. The weather was, as at every other convention, most accommodating. Though there was a violent storm on the coast, no walk or drive among the beauties of the Catskills was hindered by wind or rain. We have always said that there were too many papers at these meetings, leaving no time for discussion. This year there were only two papers, sent by members who could not come. Topics were suggested by the President, or introduced by short talks from some one who desired information, and were then discussed in a very informal manner. The result was eminently satisfactory. Some very unexpected facts came out, and in one case the discovery led to the most important action taken. It was found that a list of portraits other than those separately published, that is, of portraits contained in collections, in biographies, in art periodicals, and the like places where they might be overlooked, had made considerable progress in a certain large library, and that others had done more or less work in the same direction. It was agreed that such isolated work, leading necessarily to considerable duplication, was unwise, and that such a list ought to be prepared in coöperation, as was Poole's 'Index to Periodical Literature,' and with a view to publication when finished. A committee was appointed to report at the next convention (to be held at St. Louis next spring) what works of this sort are going on. The preparation of such a general list of portraits was suggested some years ago by Mr. R. R. Bowker of the *Publishers' Weekly* to the English Index Society, and the Index was put upon their list; but that Society has frittered away its energy on the production of little indexes of extremely limited value, and nothing has ever been done, so far as we know, to organize that coöperation without which a scheme of this magnitude could not be carried out. It is to be hoped that the coming report will not confine itself to enumerating all the bibliographical work that can be discovered to be going on in this country, though that of itself would be of great value, but will outline a method by which the iconographical index can take its place as the third of those useful labor-savers of which Poole's 'Index' is the first, and Fletcher's 'Essay Index' is to be the second.

—One session was devoted to architecture. The plans of the new rooms destined for the State Library in the Sta e House at Albany, prepared by a librarian, were approved; the plans of the Howard Library just finishing at New Orleans, one of Richardson's latest drawings, were riddled with objections. All of Richardson's designs for libraries are, from the library point of view, failures. We do not know whether that famous architect ever gave any thought to the object for which his buildings of this sort were intended: there is little indication that he did in any of them. He appears to have been satisfied if he drew a beautiful design, and to have left it to some draughtsman to fit in the books and the service. When shall we find an artist who will plan for use first and beauty next; who will see where his book-shelves and his reading-halls and his work-rooms ought to go for the highest efficiency, and then will mould his library building around them? Looking at such plans as this of the Howard Library (where, for instance, an attendant must go 320 feet to get a book within 10 feet of the delivery desk), and scores of others like it, not excepting even the magnificent structure just begun for the Boston Public Library, one may say, as did the President of the Association, "The architect is the natural enemy of the librarian."

—The late report of the Astronomer Royal, Mr. Christie, to the Board of Visitors of the Greenwich Observatory, exhibits a gratifying state of activity in that institution. The structure itself has been undergoing extensive repair, and is now modernized quite as much as is desirable, the chief addition being a new dome made by Sir Howard Grubb. The comparatively recent introduction of spectroscopic and photographic branches of the work necessitated temporary arrangements which are replaced in the completed building, and the whole of the astronomical establishment is now brought together. As in Paris, the neighboring traffic has rendered the astronomers solicitous as to the foundations of their instruments, and the subject of approaching railways thus engages their serious attention. Railway interference with observatory piers varies much with the character of the geological formation, but the nature and amount of the disturbance near Greenwich were settled once for all by noting the effect of passing trains upon a reflecting mercurial surface which the astronomer has frequent occasion to make use of: the tremors were found to produce exceedingly deleterious results while trains were passing at a distance of some six hundred yards; and up to distances of one mile, the effects were distinctly marked. As a consequence of this work, the recommendation of the Astronomer Royal to the Admiralty led to the abandonment of the construction of a new railway across Blackheath.

—As everywhere else, very bad weather during nearly half of the year is found to have disastrously affected the number of observations; but the calculations of results are in a most forward state. No progress has been made for a year in the construction of the great refracting telescope, of 28-inch aperture, as the glass-makers have not as yet succeeded in producing the crown-glass disk for the objective. The measurement of the motions of stars from or towards the earth by means of the spectroscope is continued with very interesting results; while, in the photographic department, it is noteworthy that, by combining Greenwich solar pictures with those from India and Mauritius, records are at hand for 361 days out of 365. During 1887 the spotted area has rarely amounted to 1-2,000th of the sun's visible hemisphere, and the average is less than one-sixth that recorded in 1883, near the time of maximum spots. Preparations are making for a redetermination of the difference of longitude between Greenwich and Paris. A photographic refracting telescope is needed to enable the Observatory to bear its share in the international work of mapping anew all the stars of the sky; some thirteen observatories, in both hemispheres, have already ordered their instruments of like dimension for coöperation in this great undertaking. This need has just been met by a Treasury-grant. A year ago, the Astronomer Royal referred to the increased demands upon the Observatory by the scientific and the general public, and he now calls attention to the fact that in 1835 there were six assistants, having no computers to superintend, no extraneous work worth mentioning, no magnetic and meteorological observations, no altazimuth observations, nor any spectroscopic and photographic work. At present there are but eight assistants, excluding the chief assistant, having fifteen computers to superintend; and of the assistants' staff, five are absorbed by the newly developed branches of work, leaving thus practically only three assistants to do the astronomical work which in 1835 required five, and in addition to perform varied extraneous duties imposed by the public interest. Mr. Christie therefore very properly pleads for adequate provision for the primary objects of the Observatory, in default of which the voluntary work—the supply of hourly time-signals, for example—may have to be dropped.

RECENT NOVELS.

The Reverberator. By Henry James. Macmillan & Co.

A Virginia Inheritance. By Edmund Pendleton. D. Appleton & Co.

From Lands of Exile. By Pierre Loti. Translated from the French by Clara Bell. W. S. Gottsberger.

The Black Arrow. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Residuary Legatee. By F. J. Stimson (J. S. of Dale). Charles Scribner's Sons.

The King of Folly Island, and Other People. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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A Little Maid of Acadie. By Marion Reeves. D. Appleton & Co.

Roger Berkeley's Probation. By Helen Campbell. Boston: Roberts Bros.

A Hard-Won Victory. By Grace Denio Litchfield. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Virginia of Virginia. By Amélie Rives. Harper & Bros.

Hillingdon Hall, or The Cockney Squire. By R. S. Surtees. London: John C. Nimmo; New York: Scribner & Welford.

It has long been taken for granted that the elements of Mr. James's novels shall be few and simple, the characters and phases of life typical. Nobody expects anything to happen, or anticipates emotional excitement. Perhaps his strongest book, 'The Princess Casamassima,' missed general appreciation because its strange incidents and deep feeling offend preconceived opinions, and exhibit an art less circumscribed than public wisdom permits to the author. If that wisdom was disturbed ever so slightly by the exceptional novel, 'The Reverberator' will reëstablish it triumphantly. The manuscript of the plot could be packed neatly in a nutshell, or a summary thereof engraved by an ingenious person on a dime. The subject, too, is that which the making his has made the author's fame, viz., the hopeless difference in social point of view between a certain class of Americans and another class, not so certain, but not American. The difference on which the argument rests will doubtless appear to individuals of that certain American class, if by any chance they read Mr. James, to be a flimsy and ridiculous pretext for a story. They will pronounce this judgment, not because they count themselves in that class, but because they know that the author is a finical, snobbish fellow, whose soul is dead to the glories of his own, his native land, and who is always nosing about for a chance to have a fling at it. The question is simply whether you like to have your private affairs set forth in a "society journal"—set forth, either with flattery or disparagement, always mendaciously—or whether you don't. On one side of the question stand the Dossons of America, newly arrived in Paris, and Mr. Flack, George M. Flack, correspondent of the *Reverberator;* on the other are arrayed the Proberts, originally of South Carolina, now in the second generation of denationalization. The Dossons are new-rich, yet not on that account offensively aggressive; on the contrary, of the lowest degree of humility consistent with self-respect and free-born Americanism. The treatment of the Dossons is most admirable. They have so little marked individuality that they are almost characterless, yet the author manages to characterize them perfectly. One cannot decide which is the more wonderful, his power of divination or of apparently effortless expression.

No people were ever more helplessly what nature made them than the Dossons; therefore, no people could be for themselves a fuller explanation and more cordially acceptable apology. They deserve all the sympathy that people so ingenuous as never to have thought of being pretentious can get. They thought an editor, by virtue of his office, was a great man, and George M. Flack, commanding as he did the ear and time of princes and potentates, the greatest of his guild. His explanation that he was "only a correspondent" served only to exalt him; for how much greater an editor free to roam abroad than an editor doomed to stay at home! There was only one position in life which he was not fitted to adorn, and that the position of husband to Miss Francie Dosson. Then it was really Miss Dosson who created this limitation, and she was moved thereto not so much by a doubt of Mr. Flack's greatness as by the knowledge gathered from *Reverberators* at home, that the grandest matches were made by American girls "over there," which knowledge had fired her with vaulting ambition for her beautiful sister, Francie. Thinking Mr. Flack great, they thought, in natural sequence, that it was a splendid thing to have a column in the *Reverberator* all about Francie and her portrait, with the skeletons in the closets of her Franco-American *fiancé's* family, exposed in cold type to a gaping world. It was distinction! It was fame! They were obliged to see that the three demoiselles Probert, by marriage ennobled, took a different view of it. Miss Dosson was "mad" with Flack because he had apparently broken off the grand match, but, to save their collective lives, they couldn't see why the Proberts should go on so, and to the end of time they never would. Francie herself never knew that these family secrets had been confided to her chiefly with kind intention to make her feel herself one of them. She got no nearer to the heart of the disturbance than to perceive a fulfilment of her prediction when she had become engaged to Gaston Probert—that "she knew she would do something," and "now she had." As for the assassin, Flack, what could he have but contempt for antediluvian frumps, who made a row because their doors had been forced, their shrines desecrated, for the increase of the *Reverberator's* circulation, and incidentally for the enlightenment of mankind?

Mr. Flack is a monster, and more monstrous still is the fact that he had excellent grounds for the assumption on which he plied his disgraceful trade. He said, in all sincerity, that he knew "what the people want," and he did. By hook or by crook he proposed to supply that want. Mr. James, holding himself aloof from the controversy, neither preaching nor scolding, simply narrates the effect of Flack's most brilliant stroke on a family whom Flack would not have counted among the people. The Proberts are shocked and furious, and each manifests rage in characteristic fashion. Francie, brought to the family bar, is bewildered. It doesn't occur to her to deny innocent complicity with Flack nor to feign sympathy; and it doesn't occur to the Proberts to admire her honesty. To the Gallic mind, that was shameless avowal of shame. One word of exaggeration here would convert a serious scene into a farce, but that word is not written. Francie, whose fascination for Gaston Probert is a matter of fine lines and color, is endeared to the Anglo-Saxon reader by this splendid exhibition, not of courage, but of natural-born incapacity for lying. It makes her worth Probert's reluctant sacrifice, and worth, too, the incomparable ease, grace, and brilliancy with which her fortunes are narrated.

The interest of 'A Virginia Inheritance' centres in the conflicting claims of the Northern inheritor of Chatterton Manor and the Southerner in possession. As in 'The Reverberator,' it is a question of point of view. The case is an amusing one, and the argument on both sides is clever, impartial, and clear. There is left no room for doubt that an irreconcilable difference of opinion exists between North and South, not about the war (we are spared that), but about whether, in the words of Mr. Leigh, the erratic champion of the Virginia Chesters, "the right of eminent domain, founded on association, is at least equal to hereditary title." The chapters describing the adventures in Virginia of Perry, legal representative of the New York claimant, are delightful. The gravity with which the Virginian propositions for compromise and friendly adjustment are set forth heightens their intrinsic absurdity, and there is a warm sympathy between the author and his characters and scenes which communicates itself to the reader. For the time, the legal right of the pompous, mean-spirited Chatterton is of no consequence, except to magnify his hatefulness, and the more cordially to identify us with the sentiments and prejudices of the "hospitable, out-at-elbow, irrelevant, sympathetic South." In these chapters there is a naturalness and ease lacking in the rest of the story. When the action is transferred to New York, the author becomes more intent on generalization than on creating men and women. The eagerness of his people to say good things about themselves and each other detracts from their naturalness. It conveys the impression that fashionable society speaks spontaneously in epigrams, or else that its scant leisure is given to thinking them up. The suspicion arises that the Mesdames Denvers and Underdunk of New York, the Chattertons and Perrys, may even pass around contemplated conversations in manuscript for suggestion or approval, as Shakspere's sugared sonnets were handed about to his favored friends, or La Rochefoucauld's maxims submitted to the De Sablé coterie. If this precise and elaborate manner of expression and the habit of liberal quotation from the Bible are indeed common, then fashionable society is not in such a bad way as the unfashionable are prone to believe it. The making of epigrams is not a wholly frivolous folly, and study of the Bible, even for the purpose of embellishing conversation, cannot be barren of otherwise good results.

It is a pity that Mr. Pendleton did not limit himself to his question of point of view, and to the perpetration of epigrams which, irrespective of the mouths that utter them, embody wise thought and a perception of human follies and frailties, modified by kind charity for them. He has, however, made the mistake of throwing in some incidents, apparently for excitement, and of introducing an intrigue wholly sensational in character, and not excused by adequate connection with his main theme. He does not deliberately "play to the gallery," yet he does not preserve that equable indifference to its cravings which, for instance, distinguishes Mr. James. The discovery by Perry, in Virginia, of the picture of his old love, Barbara, is good for nothing except to startle. It makes no trouble between him and his new love, and Barbara dead was just as useful as Barbara raving in a lunatic asylum, besides being a pleasanter object for contemplation. For the figure of a daring social adventuress, Mrs. Dare would have stood very well dowered with one defunct husband, at most two. But when she is known to have got rid of three, and is seen trembling on the brink of more, she is no longer altogether human, actual: she belongs among the prodigies, like the "Bearded Lady," or the "Lady with feet twenty-six inches long." The complications between Mrs. Dare and the Chesters make a discordance jarring through most of the story, culminating in the destruction of Atherton Leigh in a tenement blaze. This catastrophe is lurid, and, being the catastrophe, goes far to stamp the book with a commonplace sensationalism out of keeping with its predominating tone.

Once in a while, a weary while, there comes along a book of travel which is a revelation of the capacity of language for pure description, and of pure description for captivating senses and imagination. Such a rare book is the collection of notes from the far-away Yellow Land,

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from Malabar and Africa, entitled, 'From Lands of Exile.' The author, an officer in the French navy, has the quick, all-embracing eyesight of a tried sailor, the ready apprehension of a Parisian, and the dreamy, sensuous temperament of a poet. He sees all there is to see, and so there are plenty of facts which are undeniably very important aids to realization of things unknown and exceedingly odd and strange. Far more than that, he feels in one way or another all that he sees, and it is his full and rich expression of a most sensitive impressionability that vivifies his fact and plunges his readers into the atmosphere of his scene. He takes us first in a ship's boat across a bay of Anam and up a river that leads to the town of Touran. On the way we notice some queer things—a temple with "concave roof bristling with hideous and diabolical emblems, horns, claws, and in the midst the huge lotus flower;" then, a sentinel, "squatting in his little lair by a huge tom-tom, looking like a nasty old woman with a gown on and her hair in a knot." Presently we come to Touran, where we are entertained in a bamboo hut, drink tea out of tiny blue cups amidst the waving of fans and umbrellas, in a litter of bronzes and lacquer and paper rubbish which would be the despair of a Western collector. From the mandarin's, on to the market, where hosts of "senile, childish creatures" are trotting about in fluttering, gaudy rags and absurd hats. Their chatter is maddening, their filth and squalor are disgusting, and the air is laden with their smell, that heavy, musky smell with which the Chinese curio shops at home have already acquainted us. Passing from the streets to the pagodas, Chinese art does not appear so eccentric, unaccountable, and anomalous as when regarded piecemeal, isolated in the incongruous West. It seems natural that such travesties on humanity should express themselves in writhing, nightmare monsters, and in pudgy little demons with bulging eyes and malign grin. Our impressions of China are not pleasurable but they are intense, and they do most forcibly suggest to us thoughts of the "wide gulf which parts us from the men and things of this land; the different darkness in which we had our birth; the disturbing dissimilarity of our primeval origin." On the whole, we do not regret China, and at Singapore are irritated that it is not yet quite behind us. Here the Chinese mingle with every nationality and predominate. It is all "yellow, bustling, greedy, simian, obscene." Once at Mahé, on the Malabar coast, a kingdom of calm and beauty is ours.

"At about five in the afternoon," says the author, "I disembarked there on a sandy shore, at the mouth of a little river which makes a cutting, a winding bay through the dense wood. I had come from afar, from farthest Asia, and had almost forgotten the charm and splendor of Hindostan. At such a time it is enchantment to see it again, unique as it is and matchless. The sun was already low, and shed a glory of color on the river up which I had come; the palms, where it touched them were gold—wonderful gold—and the air seemed full of gold dust. On the slope of each bank, at the foot of the palms, which form vast green hangings, sat groups of Indians watching my boat pulling in. They took grand attitudes, like gods, wrapped in white, red, or orange-colored draperies; and they and their trees and their land and their sky were all bathed in the radiance of an apotheosis."

From India to Obock there is no stop, and here, beneath a fierce sun, on the shimmering, sandy edge of the only continent that still preserves any mystery, for us the journey ends. The sketches of "The Death of Admiral Courbet" and "An Old Salt," included in the volume, are profoundly pathetic. The spirit of melancholy that lurks in all the pages dominates these; yet it is a gentle and tearful melancholy, not that loathed thing,

"Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born."

Boys with an appetite for tales of violent adventure—that is, all healthy boys—will doubtless get considerable comfort out of 'The Black Arrow.' The scene is in England during the Wars of the Roses, and the personal exploits of the hero, Dick Shelton, have the national struggle for background. Dick fights, and loves, and also runs away, in manly fashion. He is the eternal boy, with nothing mediæval about him, except his doublet and hose. There is a certain monotony of hacking and killing in his career which, in the mature mind, begets a listlessness as to its catastrophe. Few are the men and women who retain that youthful joy in deeds of physical daring which the author appears to carry with him from the shooting of the first Black Arrow to the last. The narration is all alive. Dick is always up and doing, always too busy for dull thinking, or for making critical observations on the radiance of the sun by day or the shine of the stars by night. His physical bravery is no greater than his moral courage, which he proves gallantly when his royal namesake, Richard of Gloucester, qualifies a favor granted, with—"By the glory of Heaven, there your favor dies." "Mine be the loss," says Dick, and turns his back upon the glittering future so recently opening before him. In his treatment of Gloucester the author takes no heed of the report of ancient men of the fifteenth century, who had seen the Duke and who affirmed that he was of "bodily shape comely enough, only of low stature." His Richard is entirely the Shaksperean, the popular Richard, and is memorably drawn in the scene outside the church of Holywood, when, behind the files of his army winding along the road, "girt by steel-clad knights, the bold, black-hearted, and ambitious hunchback moved on towards his brief kingdom and his lasting infamy."

The little comedy of 'The Residuary Legatee' is very well managed, and, by way of compensation for the flatness of John Austin's posthumous joke, has the happy, true comedy ending. The tale is based on an extravagance, yet there is no good reason why the hero should not have been endowed with a slight measure of common sense, not to say something like brains. He is represented as an actual, an every-day young man, and a Bostonian besides. He is fastidious about what he drinks, and wears garments, or a garment, which the author is pleased to describe as "Poole-built trousers." He has an obsequious valet named Schmidt, whose name would never disclose the fact that he is "a sinuous Oriental." Yet, with all these advantages, the abused donkey has a splendid intelligence compared with that of Mr. Austin May, and, beside him, a monkey is a figure of virility.

'The King of Folly Island' includes half a-dozen sketches of New England life, all so like previous sketches by Miss Jewett that we might as well be reading the last volume, or the volume before that. The fishermen, the countrymen, the old maids by hill and shore, are familiar friends, and there is no obvious reason for presenting them under new names, except to keep before us the author's skill in the delineation of them. The last sketch (there is not a story in the volume), "Mère Pochette," is of French Canadian life, somewhere between the settlements, the Eastern States, and the St. Lawrence country. The location is indefinite, but it serves. The sketch does not indicate any more definite acquaintance with the people than with the topography. Mère Pochette, the several curés, and the rest are conventional peasants, not *Canadiens*. The sweeping characterization of the habitants as "hardening into stolid farmers," growing "stupid and heavy," "drinking gin and bad beer," is an unjustifiably severe criticism of the French in the Province of Quebec. It betrays almost as superficial a knowledge of their actual condition as the reference to "merry, vine-growing ancestors" does of their history. It is not recorded that their ancestors were gloomy, but it is set down with exactness that the vine-growing provinces furnished but few colonists for New France. There were forests and snows and savages to be encountered in the new land—not a prospect seductive to vine-growers, merry or sad. The best that can be said for Miss Jewett's tentative excursion into foreign territory is that she has not the blighting tendency to misrepresent for romantic effect, and that thus far the Canadians are fortunate in her hands.

Miss Reeves is possessed by this tendency, and the Acadians in 'A Little Maid of Acadie' are the sufferers. Such a family as her De Landremonts nev er took root in Acadie. Fine folk roamed in Acadian wilds in their day, but few of them founded families there, and none have continued fine for two centuries and a half, as her De Landremonts presumably have done. The Acadians to be found near the scene of her story, Madawaska, about the head-waters of the River St. John, are descendants of those who fled towards Canada, escaping in the untrodden wilderness the deportation of 1755, the year still known to the people as that of the *grand dérangement*. The seigneurial system never prevailed in their settlements, and though they are as a rule well-to-do, wealth, power, fashion, are practically unknown words to them. Great allowance should be made for a novelist's assumption, but the allowance is the more easily made when the assumption is not too evident. Nevertheless, Miss Reeves's misrepresentations are harmless, and, for an essentially artificial romance, the incongruity between fact and fiction matters not at all.

"Harmless" is the word that describes most comprehensively 'Roger Berkeley's Probation' and 'A Hard-Won Victory.' The authors of these stories are alike animated by a desire to enforce the necessity of self-sacrifice in order that the whole world may be benefited. In the first instance, a young man is the self-castigator, in the second, a young woman. Mrs. Campbell's Roger uses the scourge with more reason than Miss Litchfield's Jean, for he performs a family duty, whereas Jean only permits herself the luxury of unnecessarily assuming an extremely disagreeable position. The conduct of these admirable young persons in trial is all that could be desired, and there is enough interest in their experiences to hold the attention and stir the sympathy of amiable and patient novel readers.

'Virginia of Virginia' is the old tale of a lowly maid who loved without requital above her station, suffering through that love excruciating torment, and for the loved one's sake a most dreadful death. The loved one, as usual, has no qualities that excuse a mad passion. He is a particularly stolid and insensible Englishman, whose chief attraction for Virginia seems to have been that he took so many baths, that his "ole blue shirt" smelled "good, kinder briery and soapy." The incidents of this story, expanded into a thick book by kindly aid of type and margin, are cheaply sensational, Virginia's character is hysterical and an offence against taste and common sense, while the descriptive language is superlatively extravagant. A modification of the coarse and fleshly quali-

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ties marks the only improvement on 'A Brother to Dragons.'

It is scarcely probable that the individual exists to-day who could read through 'Hillingdon Hall, or The Cockney Squire.' Any interest in this reprint of a novel written forty-four years ago is of the kind attached to literary curiosities. It is a truism to say that posterity is the infallible judge of literary greatness, but if any one should desire personally to test the truth of that truism, let him compare 'Pickwick' and 'Hillingdon Hall,' Weller and Jorrocks. If that doubting person should also wish to satisfy himself that the general readableness of our second-rate novels is some compensation for our paucity of first-rate, let him select 'Hillingdon Hall' first among a bundle of the second-rates of the first half of our century. It appears from the illustrations of the novel that humor, expressed by pictorial art not of the highest excellence, retains the power to amuse longer than that of inferior literary art. The Flathers and Jorrocks, the Marquis of Bray and the Duchess of Donkeyton, are to us caricature of an insufferably dull kind; but it is just as easy to laugh at Wildrake's pictures of "The Guests Departing from Donkeyton Castle" and "The Surprise," as it was the day they were drawn.

GERMAN HISTORY, BY A FRENCHMAN.

L'Empéreur Guillaume et son règne. Par Édouard Simon. 8vo. Paris: Ollendorff. 1886.

The Emperor William and his Reign. From the French of Édouard Simon. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Remington & Co.; New York: Scribner & Welford. 1886.

Histoire du Prince de Bismarck. Par Édouard Simon. 8vo. Paris: Ollendorff. 1887.

L'Empéreur Frédéric. Par Édouard Simon. 12mo. Paris: Hinrichsen. 1888.

THE biography of the Emperor Frederick furnishes a natural pendant to M. Simon's previous books, and affords a welcome occasion briefly to notice the same author's 'Emperor William' and 'Prince Bismarck,' which together constitute an excellent history of the making of the new Germany. M. Simon possesses some of the best qualities of an historian: patience in research, accuracy in presentation, and fairness of judgment. The latter quality could not be put to a severer test than in these biographies; for the writer, himself a Frenchman, describes the men who worsted France in diplomacy and in war, deposed her from the first place among Continental Powers, and despoiled her of two of her best provinces—and all this in his own day. We scarcely expect a Frenchman to write dispassionately about Pitt or Metternich, Wellington or Blücher; but M. Simon has drawn three of the most typical figures of the war of 1870, not merely without bitterness, but without a sign of prejudice. An American may well find, in Bismarck's diplomacy, some sharp practice and a touch of brutality: M. Simon may think the same, but he avoids saying it. Bismarck is obviously, to him, an unsympathetic personage; but he describes him, fairly and truly, as the faithful servant of his King and country; the man who saw clearly, from the outset, the real character of the German question and the means of solving it, and who pursued the solution with inflexible determination and the highest courage.

For the Emperor William the author has evidently a warmer feeling—a feeling of reverence and almost affection. In M. Simon's pages the Emperor William appears as an honest and kindly nature and a strong character; a true gentleman and a great king. In his zeal to vindicate for the master a higher degree of political sagacity than is commonly accredited to him, M. Simon, in one case at least, does injustice to the servant. He asserts ('Emperor William,' transl., vol. i, p. 106) that "the conception of the diplomatic and military contest with Austria belongs to the King, and its execution to Bismarck, Moltke, and Von Roon." This statement is in accordance neither with the facts nor with the data elsewhere furnished by M. Simon himself. The diplomatic contest against Austria was begun by Bismarck at Frankfort, when Frederick William IV. was King; and the military contest was distinctly foreshadowed in Bismarck's Frankfort despatches. Prince William assumed the Regency (1858) with friendly feelings towards Austria, and a belief that the Prussian and Austrian crowns must make common cause against democracy. Bismarck's attitude at Frankfort compromised the friendship of the two courts, and Bismarck was accordingly transferred to St. Petersburg. In order to substantiate his theory (that Prince William had already determined to fight Austria), M. Simon treats this transfer as a "promotion," indicating the Regent's approval of Bismarck's demonstrative antagonism to Austria. But Bismarck himself, in one of his characteristic and picturesque phrases, declared that he was "put on ice" (*kaltgestellt*) at St. Petersburg—clearly implying that at Frankfort he had been too hot to suit the Government. From St. Petersburg he watched the vacillating policy of Prussia during the Italian war of 1859 with sharp and outspoken disapproval. He saw in Austria's difficulties Prussia's opportunity; and when Prussia seemed on the point of interfering to aid her rival, Bismarck's chagrin culminated in a nervous fever.

When, in 1862, the King called Bismarck to the premiership, he summoned him, not as an enemy of Austria, but as a champion of the royal prerogative. He needed such a man to defend the reorganization of the army against the opposition of the Diet and the country. The war of 1866 was Bismarck's war; the King was drawn into the struggle against his will. This M. Simon expressly recognizes (transl., vol. i, p. 177); but he explains the reluctance of the King to carry out his own policy—a policy, according to M. Simon, matured seven years before—by the assumption of sudden "scruples"!

But while M. Simon goes too far in reclaiming for the King the authorship of the policy of the years 1864-66, it is quite true that William was no puppet in the hands of Bismarck. The Prussian historiographer Von Treitschke, in his recent eloquent tribute to the "Two Emperors" in the *Preussische Jahrbücher*, puts the matter rightly in saying that King William never had a single confidant and adviser for all matters. He selected the best man he could find for each department: Von Roon to organize the army, Moltke to lead it, and Bismarck to manage the Prussian Diet and direct the Prussian diplomacy. To the men thus selected he gave great freedom of action; but nothing of consequence was done without his assent, and this assent was not always easily obtained.

After the war of 1866 it was stipulated in the Peace of Prague that the Prussian reorganization of Germany should extend only to the Main. The States south of this river (Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, Hesse-Darmstadt) were to remain independent, and, if they chose, form a separate confederacy. But before this treaty was signed, Bismarck had negotiated secret military alliances with these South-German States. Politically, therefore, as far as the line of the Main was concerned, the Peace of Prague was nullified before it was signed. M. Simon goes too far, however, in saying that the Peace of Prague was "broken" before it was signed. It was expressly provided, in that instrument, that the States of South Germany should be free to adjust by treaty their relations to the North-German Confederation, and the secret alliances were nothing more than such an adjustment.

M. Simon's account of the secret negotiations which filled the four years between the Austrian and the French war is interesting and clear. France was arming with nervous haste to repair her diplomatic defeat; and both France and Prussia sought the alliance of Austria in the coming struggle. The Prussian approaches were made indirectly, through the Bavarian Premier, and came to nothing. The French negotiations were direct and partially successful. No treaty was signed, because Austria insisted on the aid or neutrality of Italy, and Italy demanded a price which Napoleon could not pay—the surrender of Rome. But an understanding seems to have been reached; and Austria would probably have joined her forces with those of France in 1870 but for the menacing attitude of Russia. Russia had been completely won over to the Prussian cause, a result largely due to Bismarck's diplomacy. As Ambassador to St. Petersburg (1859-61), he had strengthened the old dynastic friendship between the Hohenzollerns and the Romanoffs; as Minister-President he had supported Russia (during the Polish insurrection) against the western Powers and against the sentiment of Germany; and down to 1870 he sagaciously held a future benefit in reserve—the nullification of the Treaty of 1856 and the freedom of the Black Sea. We know no other books in which this complicated cross-play of diplomatic intrigue is so fully and so well described.

The immediate prelude to the war of 1870, the absurd quarrel over the Spanish candidacy, is impartially narrated. In brief, according to M. Simon, France forced the war; King William made a decent effort to avoid it; Bismarck perhaps helped it on, certainly accepted it with alacrity. The details of the war are not set forth in any of M. Simon's books; he does not undertake to write military history. In his 'Emperor Frederick,' however, the author devotes several pages (138-144) to a description of the Crown Prince's life in Versailles. It was the happy fortune of this Prince, whose life closed so sadly, to make friends everywhere. His simplicity and kindliness, his care for the comfort of the French soldiers in the Versailles hospitals, and his efficient protection of the art treasures in the Versailles palaces, aroused the gratitude and won the affection of the French themselves.

The history of the German Empire since 1870 is admirably sketched in 'Emperor William' and 'Prince Bismarck.' There is no better account in any language of the movement of German politics and German diplomacy from 1871 to 1886. It is only in the description of the *Kulturkampf* that the author's customary impartiality deserts him. Such phrases as "persecution," "flagrant acts of injustice," "desecration of churches" (by the intrusion of Old Catholics) show a strong ultramontane bias. ('Emperor William,' transl., vol. ii, pp. 229, *et seq.*)

In comparing the three books, we find, naturally enough, that 'Prince Bismarck' and 'Emperor William' contain more historical material, while 'Emperor Frederick' is almost purely biographical. The old Emperor and his

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Chancellor made history; their lives are inseparable portions of a great era. A biography of Bismarck is necessarily a description of European politics since 1859; and in his 'Emperor William' M. Simon has set himself to describe the career of the King, not the development of the man. In this extraordinary life the development of the man was in fact ended, and the ordinary limit of useful activity almost passed, before the career of the King began. Prince William was sixty-one years old when the illness of his brother made him Regent, sixty-three when he became King, and nearly seventy-four when he was proclaimed German Emperor at Versailles. In the natural course of events the internal development of the new empire during the next seventeen years would have devolved upon his son. But the prolonged life and vigor of the father, and the strict Prussian tradition, held the Crown Prince remote from the affairs of state. Once only, in the summer of 1878, when the Emperor was prostrated by wounds inflicted by a Socialist assassin, the Crown Prince was summoned to act as Regent; and the firmness and tact with which he discharged the duties of the office gave earnest of a wise reign. But in the autumn of the same year Emperor William resumed the exercise of the royal power, and the Crown Prince returned to private life. As inspector of the South-German armies, he held an honorable and important, but not onerous, position. He relieved the aged Emperor of much of the drudgery of royalty, receiving and making visits of ceremony; and on several occasions he was charged with important diplomatic missions. But he was best known and most often seen as the patron of letters and art, presiding over reunions and congresses, opening expositions, and distributing medals. When, at last, the Emperor William passed away, full of years and honors, Frederick ascended the throne a dying man. The great events in which he participated are associated in first instance with other names, and his biography is necessarily a record of personal experiences and a study of character. M. Simon therefore tells us much of Frederick's youth, of his marriage, of his domestic life and his foreign travels. The book is more anecdotical than the 'William' or the 'Bismarck'; but the anecdotes are well chosen, and serve to illustrate the frank and genial character, the ready tact and kindly humor of the Prince whom all Germany called "our Fritz." M. Simon's book was published immediately after the Emperor Frederick's return from San Remo to Berlin. It lacks the last sad chapter: we do not see the Emperor dying by inches; and we are spared the spectacle of the strife and intrigue of political parties, court cliques, and differing doctors about the imperial death-bed.

M. Simon's 'Emperor William' has been translated into English. If the 'Bismarck' or the 'Frederick' is to be translated, it is to be hoped that the task will be assigned to other hands. The standard of English translation is not high, but work so bad as this is fortunately rare. When an English translator is unaware that there is such an English word as "customs," and speaks sometimes of a *Zollverein* and sometimes of a union of *douanes;* when he ignores the distinction between "States" and "Estates"; when he uses such phrases as "declaring war *to* Austria," "founding himself" on a treaty (meaning basing his action thereon), "coalesced governments" (meaning allied or confederate), and "complicated in a political trial" (meaning involved); when he speaks of the republic as "prevalent" in France, as if it were analogous to smallpox, talks of "an equivalent equal to" certain provinces, and coins such an adjective as "conquerous"—the reader wonders how long and where this foreigner studied English before attempting to write it. The book is also defaced by numerous misprints, often destructive of the sense, *e. g.:* Federal for feudal (i., 101); Saxony for Prussia (i., 212); minority for majority (i., 280); Prussian for Russian (ii., 44); protest for pretext (ii., 47); agreement for argument (ii., 153); imports for imposts (ii, 250). Paper and type are good.

GRANT AND THE POTOMAC ARMY.

The Personal Memoirs and Military History of U. S. Grant, versus the Record of the Army of the Potomac. By Carswell McClellan, Brevet Lt.-Colonel U. S. Vols., on staff of Gen. A. A. Humphreys, 1862–1864. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 12mo.

THE relations of General Grant to the Army of the Potomac are, and will no doubt long continue to be, a moot question in history. Had only his 'Personal Memoirs' been written, the controversy would have been softened, though it still would have existed. The modesty of tone and the simple directness of the 'Memoirs' go far to impress the reader with the sincerity of the writer's convictions and the honesty of his expression of them. But it is impossible to forget that Badeau's 'Military History' was avowedly Grant's own story, and that he had declared himself substantially responsible for its statements of fact and of opinion, except its personal praise of himself. Badeau's systematic depreciation of the prominent officers of the Potomac army, in order to heighten Grant's greatness, has therefore (and quite naturally) been taken as the true disclosure of Grant's personal attitude towards them; and the more considerate tone of the 'Personal Memoirs' has been interpreted as meaning only that his habitual modesty of personal expression avoided the sweeping judgments of his military secretary, which he had endorsed, if he had not dictated them. Such, at least, may be said to be the opinion of a considerable party among the officers of that army, and this is the sentiment which is represented in Colonel McClellan's book.

The controversy generally takes even a wider range than this. The military soundness of Grant's plan of campaign and of his methods is drawn in question, and it is often assumed that it is necessary to argue that he is a greatly overrated man, if the subordinate officers are to be relieved from the damaging effect of his unfavorable opinion. The two subjects of controversy do not necessarily go together. Grant may have been quite as great a soldier as his most devoted admirers claim, and may yet have been prejudiced and partial in his treatment of particular men, or even in his judgment of the Army of the Potomac as a body. His colossal reputation is an historical fact, and it would seem to be in the last degree impolitic to make the vindication of Warren or the proper estimate of Meade or of Hancock require the conclusion that Grant was not the fit man to command the army. A time will come when the critical estimate of the man and his faults may be made as coldly and judicially as we make that of Marlborough, but it will hardly be in this generation. Public gratitude and political prejudices combine to put both friends and foes in a frame of mind which is anything but judicial.

There is not the same obstacle to fair public judgment when the question is carefully narrowed to one of mistake in particular facts or of unjust judgment of a particular man. Even in such a debate, however, he is a blind disputant who does not see that the reputation of General Grant will outweigh almost any individual opinion, and put any one who disputes his judgment at an enormous disadvantage. He will be extremely unwise if he lugs in any subject of discussion but the one in hand, or uses any method but the most serious and thorough appeal to clearly stated and well defined evidence.

After Badeau's 'Military History' was published, but before Grant wrote his 'Personal Memoirs,' Gen. A. A. Humphreys wrote his 'Virginia Campaign of 1864 and 1865.' Few men were so well fitted for the task by experience or by education. He was an eminent army engineer, who had also an established reputation as a brave and able commander of troops in the field. He had been chief-of-staff to General Meade during the greater part of the campaign of which he wrote, and had an intimate personal knowledge of the facts he was dealing with, so far as one man could know what took place in so great an army. His character was of the highest, and his temperament of the calmest. He differed from Badeau's version of the campaign in a number of particulars. Some of them were of more importance than others, but, taken together, they would lead to another conclusion than Badeau's on some of the controverted points to which allusion has been made—notably to that touching General Warren's performance of duty and the justice of retiring him from the command of the Fifth Corps at Five Forks.

General Humphreys's method was that of a self-respecting historian. He did not hesitate to say when he could not accept Badeau's statements as accurate, and to give the grounds of difference, either from personal memory or from his examination of official documents. He carefully avoided criticism of General Grant, and sought to make his narrative of events so explicit and clear that intelligent readers could draw their own conclusions. In short, his book comes within the lines which have been above noted, as wise discussion of points in which the author knew the reputation of Grant was in fact behind the statements of Badeau which he criticised. It was therefore a very positive and weighty contribution towards the settlement of the history of an eventful period. General Humphreys would have been the last man to claim that the personal authority of his own narrative would override that of General Grant in a matter concerning which both had personal knowledge, or in which their opinions clashed. He might, however, rightly feel that his deliberate and temperately expressed conclusions would challenge the impartial investigation of students, and suspend judgment, even in face of an opinion or statement of Grant himself.

Colonel McClellan's book purports to compare the statements of both Grant and Badeau with "The Record of the Army of the Potomac"; but at the outset of his task he declares his purpose "to use, with very little other reference, the work of General Humphreys, as embodying substantially the established record, as far as it shall be necessary to examine it." Indeed, throughout the book, when the "Record" is referred to, it will be found that a textual quotation from Humphreys is made, whether the usual marks of quotation are inserted or not. What is in fact given, is therefore a series of quotations from Grant and Badeau, compared with others from Humphreys, connected by a running comment, in which the proof of error in the first two books is supposed to be complete when their disagreement with the last is exhibited.

Justice to Colonel McClellan requires us to

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note that he defends his method by reasoning which seems to him conclusive, though few will agree with him who are not disqualified as jurors by having previously "formed or expressed an opinion" on the subject-matter. He says of General Humphreys's book:

"It is believed that not one material fact as recorded by him has been questioned or controverted. To this General Grant bears silent but positive testimony. Although General Humphreys has noted and corrected some of the deviations from the record into which General Badeau had wandered, and which General Grant has persistently followed, the entire ignoring in the 'Memoirs' of the name of General Humphreys, as far as the matters treated of will in any way permit, is the only discoverable evidence that General Grant or his assistants have been aware of the existence of 'The Virginia Campaign of 1864 and 1865.' The supposition that they were in actual ignorance of this authority cannot be entertained; nor can it be believed that they would have failed to produce antagonistic authorities, had such been obtainable" (pp. 5, 6).

It will be seen that, as to Badeau, the argument is that he who has published a book must publish a refutation of any later book which controverts his own, under pain of being held to be self-convicted of inability to do so; as to Grant, it is that, though he has explicitly reiterated Badeau's original errors, he must be held to confess that they *are* errors because he has failed to add "antagonistic authorities" to his own implied contradiction of Humphreys. To any one who knew much of Grant's peculiar mental traits, it would be quite easily believed that when Grant had asserted either matter of fact or of opinion, he quite naïvely assumed that the burden of proof was on him who questioned it. Besides, it is a violent presumption that Grant had read General Humphreys's book. Even in health, it may be doubted whether he would read a book reputed to be in any way antagonistic to his own ideas of his military campaigns. He was not a great reader, and there was plenty of pleasanter reading. His quiet but undoubting confidence in himself was one of the conditions of his great successes. To "say his say," and to ignore those who disputed it, was quite in the line of his mental constitution and habit. But when he wrote the 'Memoirs' he was a sick man. His relations to Badeau's History had been such that he could properly use it as the material which he was to recast into his own language, with such variations as had occurred to him since it was published, and such additional personal matter as he judged appropriate. His reference to authorities might well be limited to official documents which those about him could consult for the purpose of verifying or correcting his memory.

Apart from all such considerations, however, Colonel McClellan's assumed principle of criticism is wholly untenable, and shows clearly that it was foredoomed that his comparison of Grant and Badeau with what he so strangely calls the "Record" could have little or no historical value. It may be a convenience to some to have the quotations from the several books brought into juxtaposition, so that the extent of the divergence may be seen without the trouble of reference to the volumes themselves; but we are not otherwise assisted in reaching satisfactory conclusions as to the controversy. A sidelight is thrown upon the feelings of young officers of that army, like Colonel McClellan and those who were in a similar attitude towards the Lieutenant-General, and one may suspect that they reflected in some degree the sentiment of the older and superior officers to whose persons they were attached. For whatever this is worth, its tendency would be to show a misjudgment of Grant's qualities and a disposition to harsh conclusions respecting him. To this extent, also, the influence of General Humphreys's book will be weakened rather than strengthened by the tone of one who was so close to him that he may be assumed to betray the deeper feelings which the more prudent general did not express.

There is a general tendency among impartial students of the history of our Civil War to believe that Grant's 'Memoirs' (and much more Badeau's 'Military History') need correction along lines which are indicated by General Humphreys. This only makes it the more desirable that nothing shall be brought forward as fact or as argument which is not solid. Lack of judgment or of the judicial temper in the disputants will only delay that settling of public opinion upon a just award which every patriotic man wishes for.

An example or two may be necessary to show the point of this criticism. Colonel McClellan devotes some pages to an effort to show that Grant had put Meade into a painfully false position by assuming personal control of the movements of the Potomac Army. He quotes with a certain fairness Grant's own views of the intolerable position of a "second in command" in the Corinth campaign under Halleck, and argues that this should have prevented Grant from establishing such relations with Meade. This is legitimate argument, though it does not meet the important question, What were the real reasons and motives that made Grant adopt that which he, at all times, recent as well as earlier, admitted to be full of embarrassment? The historical critic's task is only begun when he has shown that Grant had spoken strongly against the very thing which he did. Most people will conclude that he must have thought there were very strong reasons for doing that which was personally unpleasant to both himself and Meade, and which he perfectly well knew diminished the vigor and promptness of response to his commands. Colonel McClellan sees no good reason for it, and contents himself with showing that Grant was doing that which he had before criticised, and that both Badeau and he speak of Meade's intermediate position being the occasion of mistakes and cross-purposes at times. It is only just to remember that Grant at least insisted that Meade should be publicly recognized as having performed great services, and demanded that his promotion to be Major-General in the regular army should be simultaneous with Sherman's, which had been won by independent command in the field.

But in what he says on this subject, Colonel McClellan is within the line of fair argument. His fault is, that he concludes with criticism by insinuation or mere assertion far more sweeping than his direct attack. He says of the suggestion that Grant could have succeeded better had there been no "second in command," that it "is now, at best, no less problematic than the conviction held by many competent to judge, that the tragedy which commenced in the Wilderness on May 4 and ended at Cold Harbor on June 3, 1864, would have been unnecessary had General Meade been unhampered by the constant overruling presence of General Grant." (p. 31.) Again, on page 37, speaking of Grant's repeated flanking movements to "get south" of the enemy, he says: "Again and again the favorite movement was attempted, and again and again it was met and foiled, till the James River was reached and crossed, and the army took breath to count the strategic value of 'mere attrition.'" Once more, on page 39, he says: "The campaign and the whole responsibility were General Grant's, as his historian affirms. However much his (Grant's) views may be regretted, no one doubts the sincerity of his statement," etc. Still again, on page 40, he speaks of it as "a campaign confessedly fruitful, almost solely, of carnage." As the author makes no pretence of a strategic and tactical examination of the campaign and its results, such sweeping judgments can mean nothing but that the writer enrolls himself among the few who still hold that Grant was "no general;" and by linking them to his more extended discussion of the personal questions affecting Meade, Warren, and others, he prejudices his case in the way which we have suggested above.

THE LATEST YEAR BOOKS.

Year Books of the Reign of King Edward the Third. Year XIV. Edited and translated by Luke Owen Pike. [Rolls Series.] London. 1888.

THE filling of the gaps in the old black-letter volumes of English law reports, known as the Year Books, proceeds but slowly. This is not the editor's fault, but is traceable probably to an ill-advised economy on the part of the British Government. We have here the reports of Easter and Trinity Terms, in the year 1340, the fourteenth year of Edward III.; and the editor informs us that others are ready to be printed. The regular appearance of these excellent books is a steady provocation to the much needed work of reëditing, translating, and reprinting the black-letter volumes in a manner to match the present series. Does that project slumber in England? It should be taken in hand forthwith, by the Inns of Court or some other natural or corporate person competent to carry it through. There is no doubt that active help and pecuniary support can be secured on this side. It is of the greatest importance to anything like a mastery of our law that there should be access to the Year Books. The legal scholarship of the present day, if it would not be utterly put to shame by what goes on in other departments of learning, must thoroughly explore its own annals. The admirable fruits of this sort of research, when made by competent men, like Judge Hare, Mr. Justice Holmes, or Professor Ames, is more and more coming to the notice of the legal profession. But those who do this work do it at a fearful cost of time and labor in searching these blind, ill-printed, and incomplete records, which they should be spared. The Year Books are full of material of great value to all students of law, young and old, but they are, practically, closed to all but a very few.

Moreover, something is to be said as to the interests of philology and general scholarship, as well as of legal science. The thorough examination of all existing manuscripts of the earlier Year Books is essential to the preparation of that Glossary of the Norman-French, or, rather, Anglo-French, which is so great a desideratum.

"A glossary," says Mr. Pike, "of the French language, written and spoken in England, as made known to us by the reports in French, is an essential feature of the present undertaking. . . . The only direct sources of information with regard to the French spoken in England down to the time of the disuse of pleading in French [say twenty years later than the time of the present volume] are the Year Books, and a great portion of the Year Books is, for all philological purposes, still in manuscript. The old black-letter editions [*i. e.*, the only editions there are, excepting the few volumes of the present series] cannot for a moment be trusted in relation to delicate variations in the forms of words. . . . When, however, the MSS. are carefully compared, the language actually spoken day by day is clearly brought out. . . . There has probably never been a language which, after so long a lapse of

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time, has left such a perfect memorial of itself as the French spoken in English courts of justice, and written in various instruments of the same period. There are other ancient languages which we know as they were written in history, poetry, or philosophy, and which have left such indications of ordinary speech as are to be found in the drama, or in artificial displays of oratory. But the colloquial phrases and idioms used by men of cultivation in their ordinary avocations more than five hundred years ago, have been handed down in the Year Books, which are, in this respect, absolutely unique."

This very important and interesting undertaking would seem to be included in the plans of the Selden Society. There ought to be a co-operation between this society and Mr. Pike in accomplishing this purpose, but we observe no reference in the announcements of either to the plans of the other.

In this volume Mr. Pike has followed the same excellent method as before. Four manuscripts have been collated, and occasionally more than one report is printed. A comparison of these reports with the original records is constantly bringing out important matter supplementing, correcting, or illustrating the reports. "In this way a double task is being accomplished, as the Year Books are made to serve as a guide for the selection of all that is most important in the rolls, in relation not only to legal but also to social history. . . . The reported cases are almost invariably found to be the most important for all purposes, even though the report be meagre and not easily intelligible." The editor of these volumes refers to all the cases in the Book of Assizes and in Fitzherbert which are also found in the present series.

Mr. Pike continues the good custom of pointing out in the introduction such cases as seem to him worthy of particular remark, and adds much valuable original matter of his own. Thus the subject of redressing errors in the Court of Exchequer, before the establishing of the Court of Exchequer Chamber, is illustrated by the printing of an important record of the year 1337, which shows the successful claim of the Barons of the Exchequer to correct their own errors at home, by calling into the Exchequer "other the King's lieges, among whom were included the Justices of the two Benches." In discussing the case No. 45 in Trinity Term, the editor refers to the four men from four neighboring townships, who are summoned in to inform the Court of King's Bench more fully as to the facts relating to the obligation to repair a certain bridge—as having a function nearly akin to that of modern witnesses. This seems hardly so, for their information appears to have been given to the court during the process of pleading; an issue was subsequently reached and a jury of trial summoned. These seem to be our old friends who figured, *e. g.*, in the previous century at the Gloucester Iter of 1221 (Maitland, 'Pleas of the Crown,' xlii-xliv), and their function in this case seems more like that of the *secta* than of modern witnesses. But the subject is dark.

A highly interesting case is an assize of Novel Disseizin (No. 11 Easter Term) in which the jury gave a special verdict, and were questioned by the judges as to how they knew certain things which were matters of record. They stated how they knew it, not saying that they had ever seen the record, but, according to one report, that they knew it by hearsay, and, according to the record itself, that "they had no certain knowledge that there was such a plea or judgment, and they would not absolutely say that there was any; but by the summoning and resummoning of Walter and Margery and by the view of the land and because it was generally said in the country, . . . they understood that there was such a plea and judgment." The court refused to give judgment on this verdict till they saw the record, and when it was brought in they declared that, although there was such a record, yet it related to a different piece of land from what the jury assumed; and so they disregarded this part of the verdict. It is noticeable, however, that in point of substantial justice this jury were right and the court was wrong; the land really was the same. This case will be found to illustrate the great benefit that these volumes are conferring upon legal scholars by that comparison and publication of different reports and of the original record to which we have already referred.

In another case the editor notes that a deed executed on Sunday appears to have been recognized as good, and he rightly remarks that Coke's quotation of ante-Norman laws to show that Sunday had always been *dies non juridicus* is misleading. The first "Sunday law" since the Conquest appears to have been the stat. 27 Henry VI., c. 5 (1448-49). "After the Reformation, statutes relating to the observance of Sunday or the Lord's Day increased and multiplied, but there seems every reason to believe that, from the reign of Richard I. to the reign of Henry VI., the distinction between Sunday and other days was but little recognized even by the Church, and, of course, not more by laymen than by the clergy." About a quarter of a century later than the Sunday law of Henry VI. we find it stated as the law of the period, in an argument by Serjeant Pigot, in 1472 (Year Book, 12 Edw., IV., 8, 22), that "a market cannot be held every day in the week, for on the Lord's Day no market can be held as matter of common right, since it is against the law of God. If a return day falls on Sunday, no court will be held until the following day. . . . And if a man counts on a contract that on the Lord's Day he became bound to do so and so, it is void, for the contract is unlawful. And moreover there is a statute 27 Henry VI., c. 5, that merchandise shall not be shown on the Lord's Day," etc. This was in part denied by counsel on the other side, and there was no decision, for the matter was not in issue in the case. But as regards the practice of holding court on Sunday it may probably be taken as correct.

Mr. Pike has interesting comments upon a practice, which some of the cases disclose, of lending money to another to use in merchandise for the profit of the lender: "The liability was limited and could not possibly extend beyond the amount originally risked. In this respect our forefathers enjoyed all the advantages of the 'Companies Acts, 1862,'" etc.

The only criticism of this excellent volume that occurs to us relates to a mere mechanical device of reference. It would help the reader if the numbers of such cases as are carried through several pages were placed at the top of each page.

The Capitals of Spanish America. By William Eleroy Curtis, late Commissioner from the United States to the Governments of Central and South America. Illustrated. Harper & Bros. 1888.

THE South American Commission of 1884 was, diplomatically, so complete a failure as to be laughable. But the mission on which Stevens went in 1839 was politically barren, while its literary results were highly important. There, we are sorry to say, the parallel does not hold. Mr. Curtis has got together much interesting information. Several of his chapters, judged as fugitive magazine articles (and in that form many of them first saw the light), make a favorable impression. For a half-hour's skipping reading, the book, with the help of the numerous illustrations, would be fitted to almost all tastes. But beyond that it does not seem to us to go.

Its name is not happily chosen. Of course, an author should be given great liberty in the selection of his own title ordinarily, but he ought not to choose a misleading one. This is far from being a handbook to the capitals of Spanish America. Of Mexico, for example, fifty fuller and more accurate descriptions have been published. In general, but the vaguest impressions are left by Mr. Curtis's handling of the subject proper of his book. Bogotá and Quito he did not see, yet his accounts of those cities are only a little more indefinite and devoid of local color than in most of the other cases. The title of the book, in fact, seems to have been a despairing recognition of the impossibility of giving a unifying name to the miscellaneous collection of statistics and history, anecdote and narrative, odds and ends about climate, customs, architecture, government, trade, and politics, drawn from the author's note-books and reading. It is but fair to the reader to advise him that if he expects to get either a good description of the cities, or a satisfactory account of the history of the countries and the habits of the peoples, he will be disappointed.

If we were to speak of the minor inaccuracies we have noted in the book, there would be no end. A few of the graver faults should be mentioned. Mr. Curtis appears to have carried the habits of a Washington newspaper correspondent into his writing of history. Misunderstandings of authorities, frightful mistranslations—above all, a readiness to take an idle tale as demonstrated fact and to print all sorts of rumors as veritable occurrences—are frequent. A good instance of the competence of the author as an historian, and, at the same time, a sample of his ideas about Spanish, is found in the account he gives of the origin of the name Nicaragua: "Here he found on the borders of the lake a vast population of Indians under a cacique named Nicaro, and called the country in his reports *Nicaro's Agua*, or waters; hence the name" (p. 154). Mr. Curtis makes unwarrantable charges against public men, in the true style of an anonymous and irresponsible newspaper despatch. Such, at least, in the absence of a shred of proof, we must account his grave accusations of President Cárdenas (p. 106). The fact that he states wrongly the date and many of the incidents of the revolution in Costa Rica, of 1870, affords a fair presumption that his whole account of the motives leading up to that occurrence has no historical basis. Not once in the whole book, we believe, is an authority cited.

It may also be to Mr. Curtis's newspaper work that some of his errors in taste and faults of style are traceable. Among the former are to be noted the truly Jenkins-like descriptions of the persons and possessions of certain prominent Hispano-Americans, who must, we should think, take great offence at the liberty with which their names are used, if they should see this book; among the latter, the too frequent witticisms, which are usually cheap, often salacious, and occasionally indecent.

In point of paper, print, and binding, the book is very attractive. The illustrations, too, are abundant, and most of them successful. They suggest, however, a word as to the proper limits to be observed in the use of old plates. The publishers have drawn pretty freely on their stores. In particular they have laid

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under contribution the late Prof. Orton's 'The Andes and the Amazon,' Holton's 'New Granada,' Page's 'La Plata,' and Bishop's 'Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces.' This is legitimate enough (except that the cuts from the old plates are too often inferior in execution), were it not that sometimes acquaintances of other days are made to masquerade under new names. Thus, the picture on page 316, called "A Passenger Train," is taken from Holton, where it is called "Riding on the *Sillon*," and is meant exactly to illustrate the Peruvian side-saddle in use. In Curtis, it neither explains nor is explained by a word of the text. Holton's appropriate "A Priest on his Travels" becomes Curtis's vague "Across the Continent" (p. 437). Bishop was pretty thoroughly pillaged to set out Griffin's 'Mexico of To-day,' but had then to undergo no such surprising and painful transformations as are now wrought with some of his pictures. On page 106 of Bishop is a picture of "A Mercería at Puebla." In Curtis (p. 9) this is transported bodily to the City of Mexico. A still more worthy rival of the Loretto miracle is the carrying of some of Bishop's buildings from Orizaba to Guatemala, and of an entire street from the City of Mexico to the capital of Honduras. We refer to the pictures to be found on pages 99 and 132 of Curtis and 196 and 49 of Bishop.

The Heart of the Creeds: Historical Religion in the Light of Modern Thought. By Arthur Wentworth Eaton. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888.

Mr. Eaton's volume is a sign of the times, and there are many like unto it. That it is not unique, is clearly shown by the succession of anthologies which precede the several chapters. They greatly enhance the value of the book; they indicate the sources of the writer's inspiration, and, while they include many sentences and passages from Unitarian writers, so many others are from contemporary writers in at least nominal fellowship with evangelical churches, that Mr. Eaton is clearly seen to be one of many—the exponent of theological tendencies which are very deep and wide, and which derive their volume and momentum in part from tributary streams as far apart as Schleiermacher and Matthew Arnold. The problem is how to keep up "the *form* of sound doctrine" and observance when all they once contained has vanished into thin air. Schleiermacher, a master of the Hegelian metaphysic, had great success in doing this. It was really doubtful whether any of the points of the doctrine were believed by him, but his last act was to call for cup and platter to administer the Eucharist, and he had never any difficulty in using theological terms which had for him no particle of their traditional meaning.

Dr. John Caird's 'Philosophy of Religion' and Dr. Elisha Mulford's 'Republic of God' are the books—one in Great Britain and the other here—that represent the Hegelian Neo-Christianity in its most engaging forms. Mr. Eaton places them first upon the list of books that have done much to shape—or rather to unshape—his thought. If he had not named them, we should have known that he had been with them. Matthew Arnold's scheme for resolving the Church of England into "a society for the promotion of goodness," retaining creeds and articles and liturgy, while abandoning belief in miracle and immortality and the personal God, however intellectually remote from the Hegelian school, had much in common with its moral tendency. But his was a clear-eyed perception and clear-voiced insistence that "the former things had passed away." This is perhaps the reason why he does not shine with Mr. Eaton's other lights.

The first of Mr. Eaton's nine chapters is upon God. It reproduces the thought in Prof. Alexander Allen's 'Continuity of Christian Thought,' which Mr. John Fiske found reason to approve in his 'Idea of God,' to the effect that the theology of Eastern Christendom was much less anthropomorphic and much more a "cosmic theism" than the theology of the West. This proposition, which is fundamental to Prof. Allen's book, is returned upon again and again, and Augustine and the Western theologians generally are treated so contemptuously by Mr. Eaton that one's sympathies with them are quickened. Certainly, if the tree can be known by its fruits, the Christianity of the East was no better than the Christianity of the West. If the West was lacking in philosophic insight, it had something of moral earnestness to which the East did not attain. A very doubtful statement in this chapter is that "the so-called Apostles' Creed" was made under the influence of the larger and freer and more rational theology of a time nearer to Christ and the Apostles than the fourth and fifth centuries, when Augustine lived and wrote. There is no evidence of its existence before the end of the fourth century, and none of its acceptance by the Church before the eighth.

Mr. Eaton's second chapter brings out more strongly than any other the anti-Calvinism that pervades his book. In view of certain phrases of the New Testament Epistles, he is much too severe upon Augustine and Calvin, as if they had got their doctrine of human depravity entirely from their own inner consciousness. It is interesting here, as elsewhere, to find Emerson quoted as a good authority—sometimes the very phrases that were anathema to his Unitarian brethren in his Divinity School address of fifty years ago. What is not clear in the chapter upon Christ is why, if all men have something in them of the divine, he should receive a homage so peculiar and unique. How far the adumbration of the traditional dogma has proceeded with Mr. Eaton may be inferred from his statement that Christ's atonement was his "revelation of the light and freedom of the obedient soul," and that his divinity is "*truly believed* by every one, however defective his philosophy may be, who, loving reason and goodness and faith, seeks the liberation of his own soul from sin."

A chapter on the Creeds brings out even more sharply than the preceding chapters the easy-going way in which the traditional dogmas are entertained by Mr. Eaton's ideal Episcopalians. The Thirty nine Articles are not a doctrinal standard, we are told. Mr. Eaton does not see "why the broadest thinker should not feel able to subscribe them as a whole"; but, in point of fact, they stand on the back of the Prayer-Book as an historical document. The only doctrinal standards of American Episcopalians are the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds. The substance of the latter is the Trinitarian symbol, and, as Mr. Eaton explains it, we are all Trinitarians, but the Unitarians much better ones than the Calvinists. Mr. Eaton is generally very gracious with the Unitarians, evidently considering them much nearer the Church, as he apprehends it, than the evangelical sects. Certainly, any one could conscientiously accept the Apostles' Creed if he could conscientiously accept Mr. Eaton's understanding of its force; but there are many who could not do this. For it is thus: "When we say of Jesus, 'Conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried, and *went into the place of departed spirits*,' we simply mean to declare our belief in the *facts* of his history, whatever they are." Moreover, there are many, Unitarians and others, who will consider Mr. Eaton's explanation of the Trinitarian symbol as wholly without warrant. That the Father stands for "the majesty and mystery of God" is a misreading of the Christian consciousness, and so is it that the Son stands for "the tenderness, patience, and pity of God" more than the Father.

The instances already given will convey a sufficient idea of the method and spirit of the book. They are further illustrated by chapters on the Bible, the Church, the Sacraments, the Liturgy, and the Future Life. The spirit is as catholic as one can ask. The opinions are as liberal as any can desire. Theodore Parker's opinion of the Bible is quoted, and the account of it is such as he would have approved. For the sacraments nothing is claimed but a symbolic assertion of the sacredness of the meal and bath. "Heaven and hell are states of the soul, not places of reward and punishment." Our author is hard upon the Calvinistic doctrine of eternal punishment—we should say too hard, considering the testimony of Jesus, which men have seldom felt at liberty to dissipate into mere rhetoric or to call "accommodation" to the superstition of his time. In the argument for immortality there is no mention of the resurrection of Jesus, but Emerson's is quoted as an authoritative word. And yet we can conceive that, for all the catholicity of spirit and the liberality of opinion, this book will be as little to the taste of the average liberal as to that of the average conservative.

Das nachgelassene Werk Immanuel Kant's: Vom Uebergange von den metaphysischen Anfangsgründen der Naturwissenschaft zur Physik. Von Albrecht Krause. B. Westermann & Co. 8vo, pp. 425.

This posthumous work, which created so much interest among philosophers in 1882 and 1884, during its serial publication in the *Alt-Preussische Monatsschrift*, now appears in book form, accompanied by a popular exposition and commentary of equal length with the original, and extending into the whole philosophy of Kant. It is very conveniently printed for the reader: the original text occupies the left- and the commentary the right-hand page. The chief importance of the work will be for specialists in the Kantian philosophy, and even for them it will not modify but confirm their conclusions from the older and greater work, the 'Critique of Pure Reason.' Hence we may notice but one or two of those characteristic features in which Kant's general reputation is concerned.

His paradoxical conceptions of space, and the consequent transcendentalism which they involved, have given the cue to most of the criticisms which have been directed against his whole philosophy by physicists and the school of "common sense." A great many features of his style made it impossible to penetrate his meaning except at the expense of greater time and study than the uninitiated have to devote to it. The result has been, by the consent of ordinary minds, to relegate his system to that limbo of philosophic cloud-land where the shades of Plato have been content so long to dwell. But a hasty judgment of this kind entirely mistakes the problem before Kant's mind, and is usually determined by an assumption that will not bear examination. It is too generally supposed that Kant was ignorant of physics, and "projected his system from his own consciousness" in the interests of a purely

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introspective philosophy. Nothing could be more unfounded. He lectured on the physical sciences for forty years before beginning his philosophy, and was a rival of La Place for the honors of the nebular hypothesis. This fact ought to disarm criticism based upon the presumptions of physics. Kant was perfectly aware of the offence to "common sense" which his position offered, and hence this effort to point out the connection between metaphysics and physics. Besides, he is entitled to the benefit of a second and equally significant fact, which ought to have much *ad hominem* force with the physicist. Kant's theory of space was but an extension of Locke's and Descartes's view regarding the "secondary qualities" of matter—light, sound, etc. They idealized these, and Kant had only to put the question, Why not the "primary qualities" also, space and time? The physicist everywhere accepts the Lockian and Cartesian doctrine, while Kant's view has the merit of completeness and consistency, whatever may be said of its correctness.

To scholars the evidence that Kant constructed his idealism with a view to recognizing the most extravagant claims of physical science will be very strong in the contents of this work, for it is largely occupied with questions for which the physicist will look in vain in the 'Critique,' and which indicate the very problems to be solved by all subjective systems of philosophy. It is here, too, more than elsewhere, that the scholar will discover the affinities between Kant and Leibnitz; and this fact is interesting because the compatibility of Leibnitz's philosophy with the physical sciences has never been questioned. Although Kant says nothing about "monads," "preëstablished harmony," and other Leibnitzian conceptions of the kind, the influence of Leibnitz is unmistakably present in the discussions of force and matter. The commentary helps very much to make this apparent.

Highways and Horses. By Athol Maudslay. London: Chapman & Hall; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE title of this book is likely to raise expectations that will be disappointed by its contents. There is hardly anything in the whole five hundred pages concerning the breeding, selection, or care of horses, and very little about the construction of highways. What there is under the latter head relates principally to the old Roman roads, a subject upon which more satisfactory information can be obtained elsewhere. In fact, the author seems to have had no clear purpose in writing, and to have jotted down whatever occurred to him without regard to continuity. He does not hesitate to quote page after page of Dickens, upon the ground that everybody enjoys reading whatever Dickens wrote; he makes long extracts from the adventures of Dick Turpin; he inserts "The One-Hoss Shay" entire; and in general he fills up the gaps between his own observations with miscellaneous clippings from the newspapers.

The proper title for this book, or for so much of it as should remain after a severe pruning, would be 'Coaches and Coaching.' Upon these subjects the author has really something to say, and, in spite of his lack of system, he often says it pleasantly. Some of his stories of bygone days upon the road are worth preserving, but they are generally too long for quotation. There is nothing better, however, in this line than the remark, made some forty years ago by Will Bowers, the Oxford coachman, to Sir Henry Peyton, a famous whip and member of the Four-in-Hand Club, upon the superiority of coaching to railroading: "Why, you see, Sir Henry, if an accident happens to a coach, why, there you are; but if an accident happens to a train, where are you?"

The time made by coaches immediately before the introduction of railways was very good, averaging eight and a half miles an hour. The Exeter day-coach made 165 miles in seventeen hours, and the Manchester day-coach ran 186 miles during the day. A coach called the "Beaufort Hunt" maintained the extraordinary speed of eleven miles an hour between London and Bath, except where it encountered steep hills. The "Quicksilver" once went down to Brighton on the opening day of Parliament, with a copy of the King's speech, in three hours and forty minutes—fifteen miles an hour. The regular time of this coach was four hours and a half. With the revival of coaching in recent years, this line has been reëstablished by an amateur, but the time is now six hours, with a half-hour's rest.

As to the details of coach-building and furnishing, Mr. Maudslay supplies a good deal of information that may be of interest to amateurs in this country. The proper kinds of timber for the various parts of the coach, their seasoning and painting and varnishing, the axles and wheels and tires and springs, are all described, and directions are furnished for the guidance of purchasers in obtaining what is most approved in the shape of harness, lamps, coach-horns, etc. But, except to those who are specially interested in coaching, the book is not likely to be of much service, and it can hardly be recommended to the general reader.

The Story of Ohio. By Alexander Black. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. 1888.

THIS is the second volume published in the "Story of the States" series, the first having been the 'Story of New York.' The book, like Hinsdale's 'Old Northwest,' lately reviewed in these pages, is a centennial monument to the settlement of Marietta by the passengers of the second *Mayflower*, in April, 1888, and covers to a great extent the same ground as President Hinsdale's book. The thirty-six very pretty illustrations, and the omission of everything that is dry or unpleasant, betoken a semi-juvenile work, and it can hardly be criticised from any other standpoint. The body of the "story" comprises 300 pages in large print, followed by ten pages of a chronological epitome, an abstract of the Ordinance of 1787 and of the present Constitution of Ohio. Then follows a short list of books bearing on the subject, and a copious index. How difficult it is for the "story" writer to arouse an interest in the doings of an established American commonwealth may be judged from our author's compressing into 146 pages the history of Ohio from its admission down to our own day, while giving up 154 pages to the *origines*. Among these may be found Washington's first campaign to the forks of the Ohio; the expedition which wound up in "Braddock's defeat"; the defeat of St. Clair, and the victory of Mad Anthony Wayne—all of which, though of great importance to the settlement of Ohio, took place beyond its borders. But the expedition of George Rogers Clark, by which the revolting Americans took possession of the Northwest, is wholly ignored. The establishment of the Moravian missions among the Delaware Indians at Gnadenhütten, by Heckewelder and Zeisberger, is not related in the narrative; we only read how the settlement was destroyed and the "praying Indians" were massacred in the "last winter of the Revolution" by a party under Col. Williamson. Gov. Arthur St. Clair is to our author not a hero, but a meddlesome, overbearing blunderer, who made the powers of the Executive, and above all the veto power, for ever odious to the people of Ohio. But his daughter Louise comes in for so much the more admiration, not only by reason of her beauty and grace, but also of her courage, her horsemanship, and her skill with the rifle. One of the illustrations shows her sitting on horseback, while young Brant, son of the mighty Mohawk chief, passes by and throws sheep's-eye glances at her. The old story, that by refusing to marry him she brought an Indian war on the first settlers of Ohio, is given for what it is worth.

The story of Ohio, when it entered upon Statehood and since, is told with a strong bias against slavery and slaveholders. Due praise is bestowed on Ephraim Cutler (son of Dr. Manasseh Cutler, the founder), who, in the Convention of 1802, by his word and vote, turned the scale towards the total exclusion of slaveholding. A long chapter is devoted to the "Underground Railroad" and its worthy President, Levi Coffin. Mr. Black gets the origin of Mormonism within his jurisdiction, not only by reason of the short stop which Joseph Smith with his little band of "Latter Day Saints" made at Kirkland, in Lake County, Ohio, but also, and mainly, through the circumstance that a young poet, Solomon Spaulding, living at Conneaut, in the Western Reserve, wrote an unpublished poem, under the title, "The Manuscript Found," which the shrewd "prophet" came across and turned into his Book of Mormon. Blennerhassett's Paradise, and the serpent Burr who entered and ruined it, also find their way into our story, though the island on which the refined Irishman lived was a part of Virginia. The Germans of Ohio, notwithstanding their powerful influence in shaping public sentiment in Cincinnati and other large cities of the State, are disposed of in a few lines of foot-note on page 298. The struggle between temperance and free liquor, which has for nearly forty years held the foremost place among local questions, is not alluded to at all. The faction fights, growing out of the entry of the Standard Oil Company into State politics, are passed over in silence. But the great men whom Ohio has furnished to the nation are mentioned with much pride—Grant, the Shermans, Sheridan, Hayes, Garfield, Chase, Waite, and Wade, and the late George R. Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby).

Peninsular California: Some Account of the Climate, Soil, Productions, and Present Condition chiefly of the Northern Half of Lower California. By Charles Nordhoff. Harper & Bros. 1888.

IN this unpretentious narrative of a hundred pages, Mr. Nordhoff relates the steps he took to satisfy himself of the wisdom of making an investment in land lying along Todos Santos Bay, and gives the results of his inquiries and personal observation as to the situation and prospects of the Mexican Territory. He opens with a brief historical summary, which will do till Bancroft's promised volume on Lower California appears, when, of course, it will be but a cockle-shell to a royal seventy-four; has a chapter on the query which ninety-nine readers out of a hundred would at once put—why the peninsula was reputed a desert; and then proceeds to display his evidence of the Territory's wealth and development, particularly under the operations of the International Company holding vast grants from the Mexican Government, and to make a clear and satisfactory statement of the legal rights and privileges of settlers and purchasers under the Com-

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pany's titles. The author frankly writes as an advocate, but, so far as our knowledge goes, with scrupulous fairness. His prophecies are not too glowing, and may very easily all be fulfilled, we should think. But no one ought to imitate the author's example without imitating his caution. No schemes of colonization have been more disastrous than some tried in Lower California. Some of Mr. Nordhoff's Mexican authorities are belated. Following a publication of 1874, he puts the population at 23,000, or under. It was officially declared last year to be 34,668. Señor Pacheco is mistakenly called the Secretary of the Treasury (p. 96).

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, G. The Devil's Die. Chicago: T. S. Dennison.
Atkinson, P. The Elements of Electric Lighting. D. Van Nostrand.
Cadman, H. W. The Christian Unity of Capital and Labor. American Sunday School Union.
Canaan, E. Elementary Political Economy. Macmillan & Co. 25 cents.
Dunn, J. P., jr. Indiana: A Redemption from Slavery. [American Commonwealths.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Énault, L. The Captain's Dog: A Story for Young and Old. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.
Everett, Prof. C. C. Poetry, Comedy, and Duty. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Ewald, A. C. The Tattler: Selected Essays, with Introduction and Notes. Frederick Warne & Co. $1.
Farrington, Margaret Vere. Tales of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.
Fay, Prof. E. A. Concordance of the Divina Commedia. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Firth, C. H. Johnson's Lives of the Poets: Milton. Macmillan & Co. 40 cents.
Fowler, W. W. Tales of the Birds. Illustrated. Macmillan & Co. $2 50.
Gilmore, J. R. The Advance-Guard of Western Civilization. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Hartner, Eva. Pythia's Pupils: A Story for Young Girls. George Routledge & Sons. $1.25.
Hill, G. B. Goldsmith's The Traveller. Macmillan & Co. 25 cents.
Hugo, V. History of a Crime. 2 vols. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
Hugo, V. Notre-Dame de Paris. 2 vols.—Ninety-three. Translated by Mrs. Aline Delano. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Hugo, V. The Man Who Laughs.—By Order of the King. 2 vols. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
Ibsen, H. The Pillars of Society and Other Plays. Thomas Whittaker.
Jerram, C. S. The Second Book of Xenophon's Anabasis. Macmillan & Co. 40 cents.
Kirkland, J. The McVeys: An Episode. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Longfellow, H. W. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Illustrated by Boughton, Merrill, and others. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $6.
Major, J. The Complete Angler of Isaak Walton and Charles Cotton. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.00.
McPherson, E. Handbook of Politics for 1888. Washington: Jas. J. Chapman.
Middleton, A. E. Memory Systems, New and Old. With Bibliography of Mnemonics, 1835–1888. G. S. Fellows & Co.
Moberly, C. E. The Commentaries of C. Julius Cæsar. The Gallic War. Books I. and II. Part 1. Macmillan & Co. 50 cents.
Mombert, J. I. A History of Charles the Great (Charlemagne). D. Appleton & Co. $5.
Moore, J. S. Friendly Letters to American Farmers and Others. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 25 cents.
Moore, T. Irish Melodies and Songs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Morgan, A. The People and the Railways; A Popular Discussion of the Railway Problem in the United States. Belford, Clarke & Co.
Nall, G. H. Aulus Gellius. Selected Stories. Macmillan & Co. 40 cents.
Proudfit, D. L. Mask and Domino: Poems. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.
Reppiier, Agnes. Books and Men. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Ritter, J. P., jr. Marie: A Seaside Episode. Illustrated. Belford, Clarke & Co.
Robinson, H. P. Letters on Landscape Photography. Scovill Manufacturing Co.
Russell, W. C. The Death Ship. George Munro.
Sharpe, R. B. Birds in Nature. 39 colored plates, and other illustrations. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. $15.
Shaw, E. R. The Pot of Gold: A Story of Fire Island Beach. Belford, Clarke & Co.
Shriver, J. S. Almost: A Novel. Baltimore: Lombard, Druid & Co. 25 cents.
Smith, Anna Harris. Golden Words for Daily Counsel. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.
Southworth, Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Tried for her Life: A Novel. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 25 cents.
Stearns, W. A. Wrecked on Labrador. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Stephenson, H. M. P. Vergilii Maronis Æneidos Lib. IV. Macmillan & Co. 40 cents.
Stevens, T. Around the World on a Bycicle. Vol. II. From Teheran to Yokohama. Illustrated. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $4.
Stockton, F. R. Amos Kilbright: his Adscititious Experiences. With Other Stories. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.25.
Stone, E. D. Xenophon. Anabasis IV. Selections. Macmillan & Co. 40 cents.
Strachey, Lieut.-Gen. R. Lectures on Geography. Macmillan & Co. $1.25.
Tatham, M. T. Livy. Book XXII. Part 1. Macmillan & Co. 60 cents.
Tawney, C. H. The Tragedy of King Richard the Third. Macmillan & Co. 60 cents.
Thackeray, W. M. The Rose and the Ring. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.
The Five Talents of Woman: A Book for Girls and Women. By the Author of 'How to be Happy if Married.' Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.
The *Forum*. Vol. V. The *Forum* Publishing Co.
The Guardians. By the Authors of 'A Year in Eden.' Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
The New Model First Reader. Chicago: George Sherwood & Co.
The President's Message, 1887. Illustrated by Thomas Nast. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 25 cents.
The President's Message, 1887. With Annotations by R. R. Bowker. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 25 cents.

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